HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—NO. 42.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

The publishers are now prepared to supply back numbers of *Harper's Weekly*, containing all that has appeared of the new and popular story by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton—"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—which was commenced in No. 24.

ALEXANDER GRANT, THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BE DROWNED.

WE give below an admirable likeness of Alexander Grant, one of the few hands of the steamship *Central America* who were rescued from the fate which overwhelmed so many hundred human beings. Grant was a fireman, and was picked up, as every one knows, after nine days' exposure on the ocean.

His history is singular. He is a Bluenose; twenty-six years ago, he was born in the Gut of Canso, in the British province of Nova Scotia. He was predestined to be a sailor. As a child he was inordinately fond of the sea. He was the best swimmer of his acquaintance, and absolutely lived in the cold, bracing water of the Gulf; no boy or man could remain so long in deep water as he.

When he was thirteen he went to sea, in a blind Nova Scotian fishing schooner, with cold nights, hard work, poor pay, bad fare, and every discomfort in prospect. He seems to have rather liked it than otherwise. He was, at all events, faithful to the sea, and three years afterward he was a deck hand on board the brigantine *Atlas*, from Windsor, Nova Scotia, bound for Fall River with a cargo of coal.

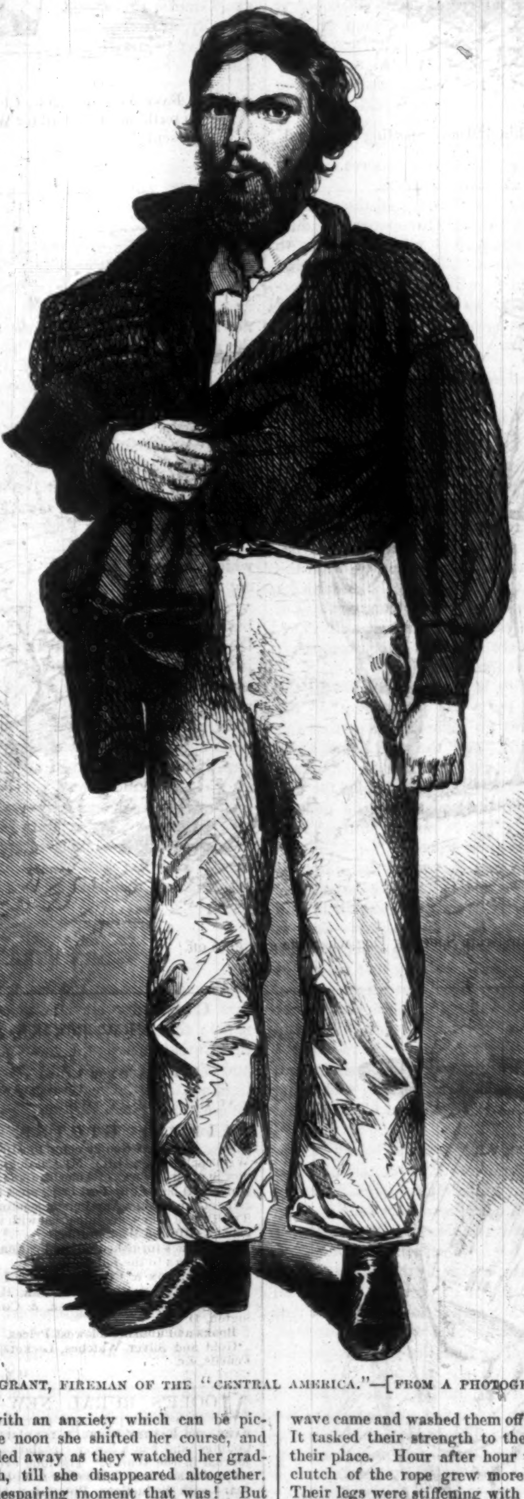
To the said brigantine it befell that, at one hundred miles from Boston or thereabouts, a storm of frightful magnitude interrupted her voyage, and, after minor civilities, dismasted and crippled her. In the crash of falling masts the mate, like the ship, was crippled, and in that sea the immediate prospect was death. Young Grant avows that he was "much surprised" by the wonderful nearness of Davy Jones. He bore up nevertheless, and, in nick of time, the good ship *Amazon*, of Holland, sailed up and took him and his messmates on board. They were hardly ensconced in safety behind the bulwarks of the *Amazon* when the brigantine gave a heavy lurch, and reeled downward to the bottom.

On the strength of this narrow escape from drowning Alexander Grant went to sea again. Kept going to sea, in all kinds of vessels, in all sorts of weathers, until he rose to be a fireman on board the *Arctic*. Stuffed her fires, and smoked his pipe in her coal-rooms, year after year; betimes beguiling the heavy watch hours with the tale of his wonderful shipwreck on board the brigantine *Atlas*.

He was coming off his watch one cold, muggy day, and the *Arctic* was tearing through icy water and fog at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, when bump—bump—the *Arctic* was surely on a rock. Up flew Grant and his fellow-firemen, and saw, on the starboard bow, a sinking steamer, with "the bows knocked out of her." Over went the boat, and down went a few brave men—their only thought to save the crew of the vessel they believed they had murdered; and then, in the gauzy fog, the shattered stranger slowly dissolved from view, and an agony of suspense as to her fate thrilled every heart on board the *Arctic*.

Minute after minute, quarter after quarter, half hour after half hour elapsed, and no news of the luckless vessel; and then news came that the *Arctic* too was the worse for the shock, and was making water rapidly. Nautical manœuvres there were—which all of us remember—designed to lighten the ship for'ard, and throw the weight of her on the hale part—the stern: Grant worked manfully with the others. But as the day wore on, and two and three o'clock came in that deadly, cruel fog, the doomed steamer sank lower and lower in the waves; and every body knew that death was approaching. The agony culminated as four o'clock drew near; and Grant, with the experience of one shipwreck on his mind, prepared for the worst. With one of his messmates he seized the fore-hatch and threw it overboard a few moments before the *Arctic* sank. Happily, it struck the water in advance of the ship, and thus avoided the whirlpool of the final catastrophe. Grant and his companion found themselves, a few minutes after four, alone on the ocean, in bitterly cold water, and a heavy sea. They could see fragments of the wreck floating at a distance, and they fancied human beings were clinging to them; but the waves ran so high that they were soon alone with the waters around and heaven above them.

They were obliged to stand in the fore-hatch with the water up to their waists, and the sea constantly breaking over them; they held on by a rope which they had fastened for the purpose. That night they managed to maintain their hold without difficulty. Shortly after morning broke they saw a sail; to their inexpressible delight she was bearing down upon them; they watched her, minute by minute, with an anxiety which can be pictured. Before noon she shifted her course, and their hearts died away as they watched her gradually diminish, till she disappeared altogether. Oh, what a despairing moment that was! But before sunset on that day another sail hove in sight. They watched her intently; she too was bearing down upon them; in an hour or two, at most, she would be near enough to see them. They comforted each other. They talked of their providential escape. They watched the stranger as her topmasts, her mainsail, and even her hull came into view. They blessed her. They were ready to shout to her. They forgot the icy coldness of the water, and the agonies of long-suppressed hunger.



ALEXANDER GRANT, FIREMAN OF THE "CENTRAL AMERICA."—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

But while they were gazing the wind shifted, and, almost within sight of them, the strange ship jibed her sails and went off on another tack. Night fell on a blank horizon.

Another night of standing in that cold water, without food or drink, with the bleak Newfoundland wind blowing over them, well-nigh exhausted Grant's strength. Neither he nor his companion talked much next morning. They scanned the horizon silently, and saw nothing. Hunger and thirst and fatigue were doing their work; a heavy wave came and washed them off their frail support. It tasked their strength to the utmost to regain their place. Hour after hour wore on, and their clutch of the rope grew more and more feeble. Their legs were stiffening with the cold.

At noon they saw a sail. They had been so cruelly disappointed that they hardly dared hope. But they looked earnestly and steadily at the stranger. She too was bearing down upon them. Every quarter of an hour they could perceive her increase in size.

It seemed doubtful whether, at best, she could help them, for the sea was running very high, and Grant and his companion were being constantly washed off the hatch. Eight times that day Grant was swept into the sea.

When the strange ship was a mile or so distant she hoisted a flag. What a thrill it sent to the hearts of the poor fellows! They knew—they knew what it meant. That piece of stuff told them in plainest language that there was help near.

They were washed off again and again, but the nearness of salvation gave them strength to regain their hold. It was six in the evening—six hours after Grant had first seen her—that the *Cambria* sailed up and took them on board. "I thought then," says Grant, "that I had suffered as much as mortal man could." He had been fifty hours in the water. Captain Luce was on board, and they were well cared for till their arrival at Quebec, whence they made the best of their way to New York.

Having thus been rescued twice, almost by a miracle, from the jaws of death, Grant married a pretty young girl of his acquaintance and went to sea again. There was evidently a fatality about it.

He sailed in the *Crescent City* as a fireman. One voyage he was below, at his post, when bump, bump—the old, familiar sound—and Grant ran on deck to find the ship fast on a reef off the Little Bahamas. There was one comfort—the steamer seemed to enjoy being on the reef; true, should she happen to change her mind, there were the sharks in abundance all around, and very evidently there was no chance for any one who got overboard there. Happily the weather was fair, and before a storm came on wrecking vessels from the Bahamas came sailing out and took every body safely off. So this was an improvement in the shipwrecking way. Grant felt as though he was falling off in the way of adventure.

He was not doomed to suffer long under this disappointment. He left Havana in high spirits, eager to meet his young wife and little child, who live here, when the *Central America* was overtaken by the gale, and being either unseaworthy or in charge of an unfaithful engineer, foundered at sea.

For some hours before she went down Grant, who must have been good authority on shipwrecks, foresaw her fate; and though he disdained the use of a life-preserver, wrought hard to provide an escape for himself and a few others by cutting loose a portion of the hurricane deck. About five minutes before she sank he was below. Feeling her rise on the side of a heavy sea, he foresaw that the last moment had probably come, and rushed on deck. There he found that his raft had already been launched from the bows of the steamer, and that men were leaping on board. He instantly jumped, and was ordered by an officer to cut the raft loose. This done, the *Central America* went down, Grant and his companions being almost the only persons of her crew and passengers who were not submerged by the vortex she created in sinking.

When the first shock was over they found themselves, ten in number, on a raft—part of the hurricane deck—some twelve feet square. The weight of so many persons sunk the raft a couple of feet in water, so that all hands had to stand up. It was a dark night, and they could not see a hundred yards before them; but they heard despairing cries for help during the whole night.

Next morning there were but few persons in sight, and those too far off to offer them a place on the raft. Mr. Dawson, however, who was swimming on a plank, made his way to the raft, and obtained standing-room on it. Vacant places enough were made during the day. Before noon one poor fellow became delirious from drinking salt-water and fell off, and before night three more died, partly from fever produced by drinking salt-water and partly from exhaustion. Toward evening another passenger was picked up. During that night four more of the tenants of the raft perished—when and how the survivors hardly knew. The sea incessantly washed over them, and they only noticed the deaths by perceiving, after a heavy wave had swept over the raft, that there was a vacant place. When Monday dawned there were but four persons on the raft.

Monday passed, dull and dreary; hunger and thirst telling severely on Grant and his companions. The raft was now so light that they could kneel, the water being barely a foot deep; and in this kneeling position they contrived to sleep. On Tuesday they fell in with a passenger who was in part of the captain's room. They offered him a place on their raft, but he declared that he was better off as he was, as he could paddle himself round, and pick up any thing he saw. So they parted—perhaps never to meet again. Next day two of the four tenants of the raft became deranged and fell off, leaving now only two persons on it—Grant, the sole survivor of the original ten, and Dawson, the passenger who had been picked up.

"On Thursday, the fifth day," says Grant, "I saw a boat about three miles off, but could not tell whether there was any one in it or not, but thought there was. I resolved, however, to reach it if possible, and accordingly I divested myself of all but my under-clothes, and tying a life-preserver around me, I jumped into the sea and swam toward the boat with all my might. I can not say how long I was before I finally reached the boat; but before I got to her I discovered a man sitting down and trying to scull the boat toward me. On reaching the side of the boat, the man (who proved to be Mr. Tice) helped me in. The boat, which, when secured by Mr. Tice, was full of water, had been bailed out by him through the aid of a bucket and tin pan which he had found in it, in addition to three oars in good order which had remained in the boat after being swamped. The hole in the bottom of the boat for allowing the water to drain out on being taken on board ship, and which was open when discovered by Mr. Tice, had been plugged up by him by a thole-pin, so that when I got into her she was in fine trim. Mr. Tice and myself immediately pulled the boat as fast as possible to the hurricane deck, and took Mr. Dawson in. He was as strong as either of us, as we had all been without food from twelve o'clock at noon of the Saturday before, and were completely exhausted, as we had been incessantly at work for some thirty-six hours before the ship went down, in trying to save her, and none of us had cared to eat but a very little during the whole of that time. After taking Dawson on board we allowed the boat to drift with the wind to seaward, not being able to help ourselves if we had wished, and not knowing which way to pull."

On Sunday—the eighth day of the shipwreck—a sail was seen; but after tantalizing the sufferers for a couple of hours, she disappeared. It was not till Monday—the ninth day—that the brig *Mary*, of Greenock, Scotland, hove in sight, discovered the boat, and took Grant and his comrades on board.

We believe that Grant's escape is unparalleled. Passing over the fact that he had taken little or nothing for thirty-six hours before the steamship went down, *he had been nine days without food or water*, during four days of which he was in the sea. He himself describes his sufferings as unspeakable. He suffered but little from hunger after the second day. Indeed, when some of the party secured a dog-fish which had stranded itself on the raft, he found himself incapable of swallowing any of it. For days after his escape his stomach was unable to bear any thing but gruel. But for water he would have given worlds. He had strength of will enough to resist drinking salt-water; and the only liquid he tasted during his agony was a little rain-water which fell the day before the party was rescued. He thinks that he imbibed a certain quantity of water through the pores of the skin—being constantly wet—and thus saved himself from the fever which a week's thirst would naturally produce.

Poor fellow! He is sadly pulled down, and will not be able to resume work for some time. He was once a stout, muscular man. As he says, "I never had any illness, and never hurt myself by drink or other foolishness." His wife, who cries with joy when she looks at him, says she would hardly have known him.

When the writer called to see him at his boarding-house, No. 36 Vandam Street, he entered into conversation with him about his escape, and turning to a pretty young woman who was present, observed that she must have been agreeably surprised by the return of her husband.

She burst into a paroxysm of tears, and exclaimed:

"Oh! I'm not so lucky. My husband isn't saved. I'll never see him again!"

Let us hope that her husband, and many of the other passengers and crew of the *Central America*, may yet be heard from. We believe that we shall yet hear of many more escapes. Meanwhile, let us also hope that this poor woman—whose misfortune can hardly be surpassed by any that the mind can imagine—may not lack friends in this great and Christian city.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

OUR FIRST DUTY.

COME what may—whether the banks suspend, or the crisis end with the present week or month—it is quite certain that thousands of workmen will be thrown out of employment during the coming winter. No prudent employer will retain his usual force at work in the present times: even if the cloud lifts, the future will long be a matter of uncertainty.

In this city especially, where labor naturally congregates, the supply is certain to largely exceed the demand. From present appearances it may be assumed that thousands of families in New York will be dependent on casual aid for a subsistence during the winter months.

How can these families be relieved?

That it devolves upon those among us who have enough and something more to help their less fortunate countrymen through the time of trial, is too obvious to need demonstration. Every one admits the duty, but opinions differ as to how it is to be discharged. Some recommend comprehensive corporate organization for the relief of the indigent, while others denounce relief societies, and advocate individual benevolence.

It may be said positively—aid in any shape will be good. There is merit in organizations for the relief of the suffering, and there is merit in the secret charities of the Christian almsgiver. No man who gives of his substance to help the poor will be devoid of credit, whether he give it to a society to be administered by others, or place it in the hand of a poor woman who needs food for her little ones. In either case it is certain to be productive of good—to be an admirable investment.

Experience proves, however, that, as a general rule, corporate effort to achieve any end is less effective than individual exertion. John, Thomas, and Peter will do more, and succeed better, in almost every thing, by working separately and dealing with each other on a business footing, than if they associated themselves together for the same purpose; for association kills individual responsibility, and that is the best guarantee of honor, probity, and zeal.

Speaking generally, therefore, it appears that the great object, which we all have in view—namely, the relief of the indigent—will be best achieved by the separate exertions of individuals.

Relief associations may be advantageously organized, and food, clothing, and fuel distributed by persons whose business it is to inquire into the wants of applicants for aid; but the heat and burden of the work of relief will still fall upon individuals. Those whose means are ample will doubtless contribute to the one without relaxing the other; but those whose surplus is small will, we think, make that surplus tell best by seeking out in their neighborhood, or in some especial locality, a given number of fit objects of aid, and acting the part of Christian brothers to them.

This high and holy duty devolves more especially on women. They have leisure to discover cases of distress. Their perceptions are usually keener than those of men. Their hearts are more tender. Upon the women of New York the obligation of administering private aid to the indigent ought to be laid during the coming winter; and the larger the means the weightier the obligation. It would well befit the ladies of our wealthiest families to abjure society for this season, and to devote to charitable purposes the sums they would have expended on their toilet in happier times.

Winter steals on apace, and there is little time to be wasted. The sooner the duty is looked in the face, and measures taken to fulfill it, the better. Thousands of starving women and children will depend on our exertions, and especially on those of our wives and daughters, for the means of subsisting through the winter months.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

THE prospect does not improve. The panic becomes more profound. Some days may seem brighter, but they are only like higher waves in a falling tide. Certain disasters are considered the end of the crisis, but new glooms, and doubts, and uncertainties constantly open beyond. What the banks ought to do—what the merchants ought to do—what the mechanics and laborers can do—how the community can help itself—are the questions that agitate every mind; that are asked in every company; and that receive no answer.

The community is like a party lost in the woods. Every body was pretty sure of the road. There was no difficulty in getting in; and if John should forget the way, James knew it; and if Peter should fall lame and limp, Paul could help him through. Meanwhile the day was long, the air was pleasant, the general health was good; march on, ye braves! it is not the faint heart that wins!

Suddenly John has discovered that James is as ignorant as he; and Peter finds that Paul is tottering. The sun is setting—the air is chill—health is failing; there are no stars—there is only universal ignorance, regret, grief, and despair. It is easy enough to say that we are in the woods; it is easy to see that we are—for a time, at least—lost; it is not difficult to know that we came in of our own accord. But why did we come? Why did John not know James's ignorance? Why did every body shout, and sing, and laugh, as if there were no such thing as going astray—as if we were children, and not men?

All that is done seems only to betray the extent of our ignorance. The merchants have met in Boston, in Philadelphia, in St. Louis, in New York—and what have they done? Men of sense and prudence rise and declare that it is dishonest for banks to suspend. Other men, of equal sense, rise and reply that it need be no more dishonest for a corporation to suspend than a firm. Other men follow, and insist that an expansion of discounts will be a panacea. Others, again, retort that the great expansion of loans has caused the trouble. The merchants meet, and talk, and adjourn—go back to their counting-rooms to fail, and home to their families to regret. The banks—which is another name for merchants—assemble, and discuss, and differ, and go each his own way. "Civis" and "Aristides," "One who Knows," and "Common-Sense," jerk brief and pungent letters into print; and through all the talk and trouble the fatal weekly list of failures, and suspensions, and assignments uncoils its dreadful length.

Now our whole political and social and commercial system is a gregarious system. The conditions of credit necessarily make it so. We all lean upon each other, not only in our transactions, but in our opinions and judgments. Consequently, the sense of individual responsibility is lost. No man or firm feels guilty, but all deplore the recklessness and blindness of "a few years past," or "the course of things," or "trade," as if any body were to blame but the individual men who shake their heads every day, and wonder where this will end.

Count the names of the thirty, or forty, or fifty prominent merchants in every city who meet to consider the crisis, and you have the names of those who have made the crisis. The prominent merchants in the country control the business and trade of the country. If the chief traders had been wise and wary during the last ten years, would the commercial condition of the country, in a prosperous year—without war—without any special disadvantage—be what it is now? If railroads have been managed by knaves, and have borrowed money enormously at ruinous rates, who is responsible for the stock in the railroads? Is a commercial community entirely helpless? If it is, why does it call lugubrious meetings? If it is not, why does it not protect itself from disasters for which it can not blame harvests or natural causes, but only private or public extravagance?

It is not a moment for casting blame in any direction. When the ship is in peril, every hand must pull together. But if we have been blind, there is no reason why we should insist upon not seeing, nor should we suppose that the closest care is not more essential than ever. We ought to remember—for so only can we avoid similar catastrophes—that individual incapacity, or overconfidence, or willful carelessness, has produced the present trouble. If a Stock Exchange has been the proximate cause of the convulsion, why is the Stock Exchange permitted among a commercial community of gentlemen? Why is a gambler in stocks held to be more respectable than a gambler in cards or race-horses? If such an institution, with its chances and consequences, must be tolerated, then let us concede at once that our trade and our prosperity are at the mercy of the Goddess who presides over the old palaces of Barclay Street and Broadway. If honest merchants can not do an honest business, and build up a national prosperity upon actual trade, and not upon a game, let them take the chances of the game manfully, and not meet in bank-parlors to plot against the cards which they have allowed to be played, and which in the nature of things will oftenest be held by those who are not honest. It is shameful that an institution whose notorious character has caused it to be preached against in the pulpit, and constantly denounced in the parlor and office by sober and thoughtful business men, should have any more respectability in New York, or Boston, or New Orleans, than a hundred other institutions, which, however supported surreptitiously, are *not* respectable.

All the business of this country is done by business houses of every kind in every part of the country. Those houses are composed of individual men; and when, for whatever reason, those men put their consciences or their prudence in their pockets, they begin to lay the train which, sooner or later, will explode in some appalling crisis like the present. Therefore, if every individual trader in the country, of whatever kind—and the larger he is the greater is the responsibility—will take care of his own honesty, and restrain his own recklessness, there will be no need of great public meetings to consider how to catch the horse, for whose escape the door has been left open.

JOHN BULL.

AMONG Christian nations it is to be hoped that Christianity is something more than a name; that it is a power and an influence, and that Christian men of education, of intelligence, and of the nineteenth century, have some distinctions from the heathen and the savage. As long ago as Queen Elizabeth's time the officers of Government were obliged to defend themselves against the popular indignation from the charge of torturing, and Lord Burleigh was forced to explain that it was an extremely mild pressing of thumbs and stretching of legs that had taken place—that, in fact, it was almost rather tickling than torture. But it was the end of the business, and State prisoners have not been much tickled in England since Guy Fawkes.

Now the Sepoy slaughters are fearful. Such fiendish barbarity has not been known of late years, and rarely in history. The mind sickens over the sanguinary story, and a wise parent will hide the accounts from his children. It is not surprising that England is touched to the heart with sympathy, horror, and indignation; that the papers and conversation teem with the expression of the national wrath at a national injury. It is not surprising that English troops are pouring into India, and that every battle is a paroxysm of fury and blood. It is not surprising that the most sudden and utter vengeance should overtake the assassins whenever they are encountered, and that they should become the victims of their own crimes. Such a result every man must anticipate, and no wise man can deprecate. It is dreadful that men and women, even when they are half savage and wholly criminal, should be slain; but it is more dreadful that industrious, peaceable, intelligent, and useful citizens should be slaughtered. The question in India is now simply whose blood shall flow, and no sane man can doubt the answer.

But it seems that the tiger in the Indian has roused the bull as well as the lion in the Englishman. The instinct of summary and fearful punishment is becoming brutalized into the desire of appeasing a gloating vengeance by horrible tortures. The *London Spectator*—a grave and respectable weekly journal—calmly proposes a project, which we subjoin, not as a metaphor of abhorrent disgust, but as a measure of State policy. It suggests catching Nena Sahib and hanging him up in a cage, carefully preserving his health that death may not release him; and as a peculiar inducement adds that, being a gentleman by caste, the suffering will be all the more exquisite, and the gratification of vengeance more complete. That an English newspaper, in the city of London, should propose that England at this day should do what one of the most ignorant and brutal historical tyrants is chiefly celebrated for doing centuries ago, shows more startlingly than any thing else could do, the character of the wound inflicted upon England by the revolution of India.

"He should be caged as a matter for study; and after exhibition in India, should be brought to England, and carefully guarded, to live out the term of his natural or unnatural life, like a monster without sympathy. His physical health should be preserved with the utmost care, and he should live to undergo the most painful of all punishment to such a miscreant—the absence of all sympathy, and the knowledge that he was reduced to the condition of a captured beast of prey, a study for the natural philosophers of the nation he had outraged, as some compensation for forfeited humanity. He should be caged in the Tower, as the real Bengal tiger, with some of the four-footed tigers in cages alongside of him for comparison. We do not revenge ourselves on wild beasts; we kill them out of the way, or keep them as specimens; and we can not afford to waste the opportunity for the punishment of a human tiger as a warning—a punishment that distance from the scene of his atrocities will magnify manifold as a deterring influence. He is a gentleman, a high caste, ever susceptible of mortification by the process of degradation from the condition of humanity to that of brutality; devoid of moral feeling, probably a moral idiot, and only sensitive in pride or vanity. The spectacle of his hopeless captivity will do more to deter than would the hanging of a hundred thousand of his fellows. Mere death would be no punishment to this human brute—would have no effect on the future."

THE ELECTIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO.

BEFORE these lines are read the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio will have gone through the formality of electing new Governors, and other State magistrates. From present appearances it seems likely that the Democrats will be successful in Pennsylvania, though the Republicans have chosen a very strong man as their standard-bearer—none other than Hon. David Wilmot, of the Wilmot proviso, whose portrait was lately given in this journal. The State went strongly Democratic at the Presidential election; and though it is stated that the bulk of the Know Nothings have gone over to the Republican camp, it is contrary to all political experience to suppose that the Democratic majority can yet be materially diminished.

Ohio is commonly conceded to the Republicans, whose flag is borne by Governor Chase in person, as candidate for re-election.

A few days will dispose of the nonsense that has been circulated in some of the papers about the political effects of the crisis. Nothing that has yet appeared has gone to show that any one political party has more to do with our financial difficulties than any other, or that those difficulties will tell more severely upon the Republicans than upon the Democrats. Up to this time the monetary embarrassments of the country have been wholly unconnected with politics. The revulsions of 1816, 1825, and 1837, were entangled with the political issues of the day, and it is natural for those whose memory is more vivid than their perceptions to identify the pending crisis with them. But the least reflection dispels such delusions.

A WORD FOR THE SEX.

OUR satirical pens and pencils, here and abroad, have driven the hoops of the better sex much farther than any other recent joke has been driven. But surely it is an amiable weakness and a human, to wish to cut a great figure in the world. The masculine fop has hitherto been termed "a swell," because he strutted in his ridiculously-lank clothes; but the sex, with easy superiority, have taken all the wind out of his costume, and have blown themselves up. Why, then, should the steel-penned satirists do so poorly what the women have themselves so amply accomplished?

But in these days, when economy must be practiced, a philosopher might well say to the sprightly artist and author, "You counsel the sex to take in sail, and not move so fast: how about your own? Item, cigars; item, kid gloves; item, billiards; item, beverages; item, suppers; item, horses; item, boots; item, the Tiger; item— Well, sundry other items, that look only indifferently well in print?"

While we are permitted the indulgence of these charming little items unquestioned, it is not quite manly to blaze away with such a broadside of brilliant sarcasm at inexpensive hoops and economical crinoline. What philosopher, who wishes to have the best appearance put upon things—who wishes to satisfy his eye as well as his mind with ideal beauties—beauties, that is to say, which do not exist in fact—would think for a moment of conniving at a reduction of crinoline or a paucity of padding? If cotton and crinoline, flounces, laces, and ribbons were to be suppressed, what, pray you, would become of the sex and society?

PROGRESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photography was born in the United States, and the sceptre has not departed from us. An improvement in the art, scarcely second to the original invention, has lately been made by Mr. Brady, of this city. By this new process life-size portraits are produced with even superior accuracy to the admirable imperial photographs which have reflected so much credit on Brady's establishment.

The picture, by the new process, is originally taken on glass as an ambrotype. From this ambrotype it is thrown back on a photographic surface, and a picture is produced which the greatest portrait-painters of the day could not equal. The distortions which usually occur in photographic pictures—objects in the foreground being exaggerated, while objects in the background are diminished—are obviated by this process; as the original author of the disturbance—Light—takes care to reverse his work in throwing the picture back again on the canvas or pasteboard.

The vocation of the portrait-painter is not gone, but modified. Henceforth, every portrait-painter will require a photograph of his sitter, just as heretofore he required a pallet and an easel. His the duty, now, to tone the picture, to throw in light, shade, and expression, and to light up the face with the color which gives it freshness and animation. But the age of portraits guessed at by men of genius, and set on the canvas by the eye merely, is past. Portrait-painting, by the old methods, is as completely defunct as navigation by the stars.

THE SIXTEENTH SEASON OF THE PHILFLIRTATION SOCIETY.

The Duke Orsino was evidently a subscriber to some Illyrian Philflirtation Society. "If music be the food of love, play on," quoth the Duke, and a thousand cis-Atlantic youths and maidens echo his famous words. They will all be glad to hear that the sixteenth season of flirtations, under the auspices of the New York Society, has just commenced.

Among the many charitable institutions of the city, we know none productive of greater benefit to young persons in need of love-making than this venerable and respectable Society. Sixteen times during the winter by day, and four times by night, this charming charity throws open the spacious Academy of Music, and, upon payment of a trifling pittance, every such needy person of either sex is furnished with a comfortable seat, brilliant lights, plenty of music, and a crowd of finely-dressed sympathizers and fellow-beneficiaries, and may flirt, and ogle, and sigh, and whisper to his heart's complete satisfaction.

There are few more pleasing sights to a lover of his kind than an afternoon or evening réunion of the Philflirtation Society. The gorgeous Temple of the Muses is crowded with misses and masters, more or less betrothed, and all conversing in that low and devoted manner which fills the house with a multitudinous murmur, while the philanthropic managers of the Society are fiddling, and blowing, and drumming upon the stage, so that every body, by a little raising of the voice, can make himself intelligible to one neighbor, and only burry or buzzy to the other, the general hum protecting the audience from the noise upon the stage, and their own fiddling preventing the performers from hearing what is said in the house.

Thus every body is satisfied and pleased, the Society making their own faces red by blowing into their instruments, and the young masters kindling soft carnations in the misses' cheeks by breathing into their ears. The effect is delightful. The treasury is filled; young hearts are made happy, and profound homage is paid to the old masters of music.

But tastes change, and manners. A lover of music who subscribed for one year, and for one only, to these delights, declares that in Berlin, where there is a society for the promotion of musical taste and the performance of music (for he avers that good music is not monopolized by New York), he has seen a royal princess hissed for talking audibly in her box while a symphony of Beethoven's was performing. Travelers tell strange tales. There was Bruce, for instance, who tried the credulity of Europe by declaring that in Abyssinia the natives cut steaks from the living cow!

We are aware that these public flirtations subject us to the smiles and sarcasms of our friends of the neighboring metropolis, which the late poet, Poe, was wont to term Frogpondia—probably in allusion to its situation upon the banks of that delightful sheet of water. There are rumors, indeed, of a similar institution there; but no man of reflection will allow that a metropolis which prides itself upon preferring classical music to conversation can enjoy the symphonic-flirtation in its fullness, as we understand it, and as it is practiced at our Society. There may be the same throng of young people in its vast and handsome Music Hall; there may be as many valiant fiddlers, and blowers, and drummers upon the stage; but the great audience, inheriting a taste for classical music from a Puritan ancestry, hang—we are sure of it—rapt and delighted upon the "great shocks of sound." They do not whisper, they do not rustle, they do not smile. That is the reason they claim a peculiar love of this music. It is because they go to hear, and not to flirt, that they foolishly say of us poor Manhattoes, as the grave Berliners say of the Viennese, "They are a giddy, graceless people: they love dancing tunes, and flirt to the music of a symphony."

"OLD WILLIAMS."

That *spirituel* people, who live thousands of miles away from England—who conceive of an English nobleman as a superannuated coachman muttering d—— through many mufflers, and, if he chance to be a baronet, like Sir Robert Peel and Sir Humphrey Davy, insist upon calling him Sir Peel and Sir Davy—have lately taken warmly to the English drama, especially Shakspeare, whom the worthy Gauls persist in calling "Old Williams!"

There is something indescribably funny in this name, because, apart from its exquisite drollery to our ears, it expresses the extent and quality of the French appreciation of Shakspeare. It has long been a joke, from the "Out! short taper!" of the French Othello, down to the extraordinary French translation of "The Taming of the Shrew;" and it was evident that the genius of which Corneille and Racine were the satisfactory exemplars could never get nearer to Shakspeare than "Old Williams."

In vain they play Lear, and Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet; in vain Victor Hugo rings out melodious praise—a poet recognizing a poet—in vain they live within touching distance of England—in vain Paris is swarming with foggy barbarians from the island, who slaughter the language with every breath, and with whom they might establish an exchange of knowledge—in vain they are patient and desirous—they can not pronounce English, they can not endure beefsteaks, they can not comprehend why people should go to London, they consider Sir Murchison a sufficiently accurate designation of the great English geologist, and—sacred name of dog!—they tolerate Shakspeare as "Old Williams!"

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

When Mr. Philip Sidney, the Earl of Arundel, Mr. Fulke Greville, and Lord Windsor challenged all comers, in honor of their ladies, and in knightly good fellowship, they rode into the lists clad in engraved and silver armor, with silks, and caparisons, and cloth of gold. Trumpets blew, ladies smiled, pennons waved, and the young gentlemen tried valorously to unseat each other. It was in the days of Queen Bess, and was a gallant spectacle.

In the days of Queen Vic there are no more knightly tilts. Young gentlemen make sarcastic speeches in the House, and fly brilliant novels at each other, and the modern English tournament is described mainly in *Bell's Messenger*, in which we are apprised that the Tipton Slasher tapped the claret of the Tutbury Pet, and the Limping Pony bruised the mug of the Tipsy Bully.

In our somewhat seedy ally, old Spain, the tournament proceeds upon the Turkish principle of dancing. In that otiose and luxurious land the lords and ladies hire people to do their dancing, and in Spain they leave valor to bulls; and, with a properly diminishing ratio from the mother country, the colonies, as in Cuba, satisfy themselves with the pluck of roosters.

As we are several centuries nearer to an aboriginal and savage state, it is not remarkable that we are less artificial in our tastes. Instead of batting each other's heads, as in "merrie England"—whose merriment always seemed to consist largely of this recreation—we bat balls in the cheerful cricket-ground; and in place of superior bulls butting at each other with the outside of their heads, we are more wont to measure one brain against another, as in the contests of chess.

Such a tournament is now holding in New York. The celebrated players from the whole country are in the lists, and the brilliant flashes of silence which Macaulay wanted in Sydney Smith are to be constantly seen in these close encounters. New York has already won some laurels, and Philadelphia, and Boston. As the victors are declared, they mate among themselves, and proceed to checkmate. It is a contest of pure brain. There can be no collusion, no deception, and that makes at once its interest and its perfect amity. It is like a trial of weight. Put men *in puris naturalibus* into the scales, and superior avoirdupois is victorious.

The spectacle is most interesting; and not the least interesting part is the inevitable comparison with this intellectual combat of the gorgeous tournays and brutal fights of other times and countries.

THE OLD COUNTRY WIFE.

Wrapt in the golden woof
Of her contented life,
Under the olden roof,
Sits the old Country Wife,
Turning the pages of memory o'er,
Bright with affection and love-songs of yore!
Thus from the morning-balm
Till evening's purple calm,
Conning old memories o'er and o'er,
She cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

She sings a defiance,
With glad songs of yore,
To the sorrows of science,
The sad things of lore;—
Her hopes, her reliance,
Are not in their store,
In the search of neologies
She is not bent—
Her wisdom, her knowledge, is
Simple Content!
With her station content,
When content she hath trod—
With her Bible content,
And content with her God!
And conning old memories o'er and o'er,
Contentedly sitting,
And merrily knitting,
She basks in the light of the farm-house door!

Ah! little she knows
Of the world and its woes;
Of its follies of fashion,
Or the bleak storms of passion.
The phantom of Gain,
As he stalked through the land,
With his pomp and his pain,
She sought not to clasp;
So she felt not the grasp
Of rude Ruin's skeleton hand.
But the quiet within,
Undisturbed by the din
Of madness and sin,
Makes glad the dim light of the farm-house door,
Where she cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
Conning old memories o'er and o'er!

Thus calmly her life,
Free from sorrow and strife,
Hath spun out its quiet thread;
And thus hath she knit,
In her simple wit,
Fond loves of the living and dead.
And though old age hath silvered
Her head, and bewildered
Her thoughts of the dim days of yore;
Yet, conning old memories o'er and o'er,
She cheerily sitteth,
And merrily knitteth,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

Her loved ones of youth,
With their fondness and truth,
Have passed through that farm-house door
On Death's drooping plume,
But their mem'ries perfume
The tranquil content of the farm-house door;
And their musical feet
On the golden street,
By faith, she can hear from the farm-house door!
And soon through that portal,
In raiment immortal,
Shall go the good wife of the farm-house door,
In pride—not in meekness,
In strength—not in weakness,
To join in God's love
With her dear ones above;
And we shall behold never more, as of yore,
The old Country Wife sitting,
And merrily knitting,
In the calm light of the farm-house door!

THE PANIC,

FROM A LADY-LIKE POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Editor,—I wish to goodness the panic were over, and that we could once more see our way clearly—into a milliner's!

Such times must be excellent, though, as a crucible for friends and friendship, as a slight test to try the temper of their steel. The individual who professed so much, and "would do any thing to serve you," is found not unfrequently, in polite phrase, "to back out" when the occasion for his services becomes too apparent; while, on the other hand—for the honor of humanity be it said—some graceless, ill-favored fellow, whom you may have laughed at half your life, comes manfully forward, and drags you courageously out of the mire.

Mr. Snob, in his evening round of calls, already omits those persons whom he had reason, during the morning in Wall Street, to regard as "shaky," and bestows his time and assiduities on the yet well-to-do members of "his circle."

For my part, I am becoming tired of the language peculiar to a crisis. Every body who calls says precisely the same thing: "Financial embarrassments," "suspension," "liabilities," "pressure," and, worse than all, "tight." "Tight" bewilders me more than any other combination of letters in the language. I have my own reasons for believing that Miss Smith's new corsets, which *she* styles Hygienic, are what *I* should call tight. "Pa" says his pocket is decidedly tight; and when young Fred comes home, late as it may be, *he* is pronounced tight also! What a prospect for future philologists! I defy any one of lady-like associations to understand her native tongue in these times of confusion!

On some other subjects, also, my ideas are considerably perplexed. In my juvenile days I remember being taught a small catechism on metallurgy, wherein, among other information more or less reliable, it was particularly impressed on the young inquirer that "gold and silver were the most precious metals. Gold also is the heaviest, tin the lightest, and iron the most useful."

Now how false all this is! At the best it is only half right. What a pity, then, to give children such wrong ideas—ideas that cost them years to uproot, and to replace by others more in conformity with the experience of life! There are a great many things one has to unlearn the moment we begin to look around us with our own two eyes, and this little piece of scientific error is one of them. A more accurate statement of facts as they really exist in this workaday world, would probably induce some of us to avoid a good deal of mischief.

"Gold is the heaviest of metals." Is it so? One wouldn't think it, it runs away so fast.

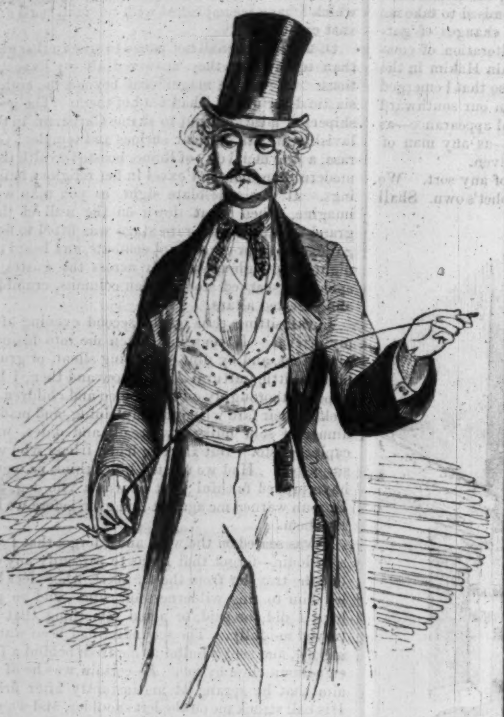
"Tin is the lightest." Well, in the modern acceptation of the word, that remark may be correct. "Tin" must be light, it evaporates with such remarkable facility.

But as to "Iron being the most useful," let such an error be blotted out of all school-books immediately! It has been said before, and times like the present especially prove it, that *brass* is not only the most precious, but, in daily life, the most important of metals. More is accomplished by this invaluable possession than we are always aware of. What has upheld Mrs. A—— in her envied position as a *distinguée* leader of fashion? It isn't wealth, for she hasn't any; it isn't beauty, for she has none to speak of; it isn't her entertainments, for they are flat and heavy: it is simply her excellent supply of *brass*. What prevents that charming but retiring family of the B——s, who have plenty of money, plenty of "family," and of every thing else that can be wished—what prevents them occupying that prominent rank among us which their secret hearts desire? Nothing whatever, my dear Sir, but the total absence of *brass* in their composition. Don't we all know stupid people, solemn ignoramuses, in colleges, on the bench, and elsewhere, whose only claim on public appreciation is their amazing supply of brass? Give a speaker a popular subject—and brass, and we find him at once to be a man of rare oratorical powers and acute discernment. Give an actress only a tolerable face—with brass, and she will carry the town before her. Let us, then, bestow all honor upon brass, and henceforth strive after it as some men do after virtue!

What was it indeed but *brass* that enabled the clever Rose Bonheur to don the blouse and pantaloons, and trudge off to the Horse Fair, where she could study animals undisturbed by the jockeyism around her?

Notwithstanding the "pressure," etc., in the money market, that is hampering us so much, I ventured to invest twenty-five cents in a visit to her beautiful picture, which you described to us last week. I can only say I am proud of my sex that it has done such a thing; at the same time I feel strongly that, *minus* blouse and brass, it *could never have been accomplished.* Has such a woman any feminine weaknesses, I wonder? Is she particular about the "set" of that blouse? Does she care how her hair is arranged, short and crisp as it seems? Or are her pantaloons cut so as to display the well-turned instep? They say she lives in her *atelier*, surrounded, like another Eve, by all sorts of beasts, whom she christens with pet names, making them perfectly happy all day long, and coaxing them to sit for their portraits. Did no Adam ever venture into this artistic paradise, I wonder? Was she never "attached" to any body besides those stolid oxen? Did she never "encourage" the riotous young students in their "attentions," I should like to know? Never flirt foolishly with those roughly-bearded French artists? Never "allow her feelings to become interested" in any of them, and be very sorry for it afterward, like other weak creatures of the female sex? I suppose not. She is probably very sensible indeed, is strong-minded, keeps the even tenor of her way, and goes on that way rejoicing, free from our frivolities, independent of our conventionalities, self-reliant, hard-working, and consequently very happy. I sometimes think, if most of us were *quite* plain, we might do as much also. It's the being good-looking which causes us so much trouble! Arabella's Grecian nose has been the sole obstacle, I am convinced, to her becoming a celebrated person. Well-proportioned as it seems, it has stood in her way all her life. She had a wonderful talent for sketching in her youth, and if she had not grown up so *very* pretty that every body was making love to her, and occupying her mind with some nonsense or other, she might have been a great artist by this time, who knows? I can recall other instances of decided capacity, almost genius, being nipped in the bud, because the owner's eyes were far too fine to be left alone.

But Rosa Bonheur is a great woman. Only I consider her name rather a misnomer. One would have imagined a Rose Bonheur to be a sweet, charming little thing, all sunshine and flowers, all smiles and gayety, and lively as a bird.



TIMOTHY TIBB WAS A VERY NICE MAN—

TIMOTHY TIBB.

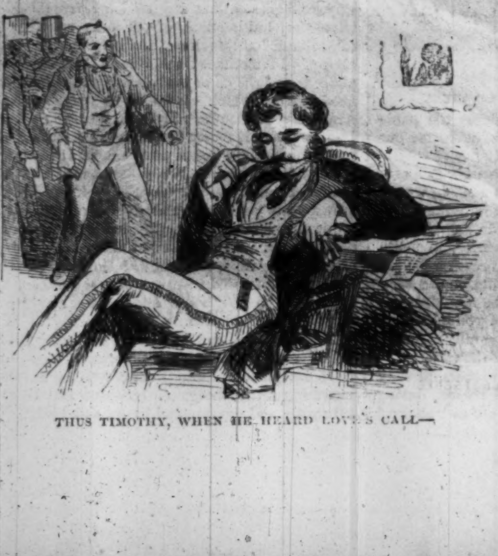
A TRAGICAL POEM, IN SEVEN CANTOS, WITH A MORAL ANNEXED.

I.—THE HERO.

Timothy Tibb was a very nice man,
 Endowed with a very nice manner;
He never had suffered the censure or ban
 Of those who are bearing the banner,
And leading the van of the social world;
For his hat was brushed, and his hair was curled,
His whiskers trimmed, and his mustache twirled,
  In a style to create sensation;
In the height of fashion he always dressed,
With a faultless coat and a fancy vest,
And he panted after patterns the best,
  Or the latest of importation;
Though his boots were tight he never was corned,
In short, he was ever completely adorned
  For rousing admiration.
And then, in addition to dress and good looks,
He could dance, and criticise suppers and cooks,
Or talk on art, or beauty, or books,
  Or any theme you could pitch on.
His quota of verse he could also quote,
And sing all the opera airs by rote;
So might well be called a man of some note,
  A modern Admirable Crichton.

II.—WHEN, WHY, AND HOW HE FELL IN LOVE.

To kill a cat there is more than one way,
 But the common mode is to weigh her
Down under the wave, on a fitting day,
 With a rope and a stone, as the Dey o'
Algiers once sent a French consul to water,
And gave him his *mort* from the maw of a mortar.
So the ways and reasons of falling in love,
Outnumber the stars* which glitter above.
If love with happiness crowns each comer,
Some say that its sum should be sought in summer,
While others aver that trial has taught 'em,
Aught lover-like ought to be done in autumn;
And others declare that true love grows
And its winner wins best in winter's snows;
I think the best season must be in the spring,
Which favors the growth of every green thing.
But Timothy had no choice of the season,
He fell in love for the very best reason—
His cash was short and his bills were long,
His creditors came, an importunate throng,
From every quarter they constantly poured,
And his landlord bored for the quarter's board.
No quarter they gave, though he often implored,
And he had no hoard to pay off the horde,
So at last, to keep his head above water,
Tim fell in love with a banker's daughter.



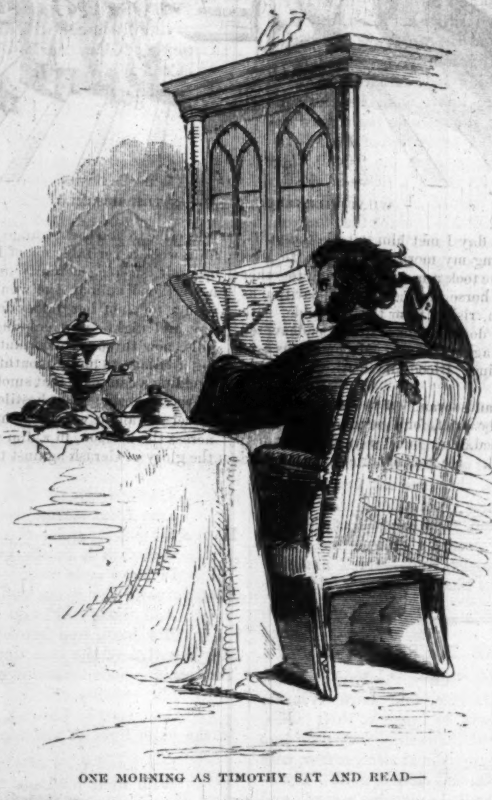
THUS TIMOTHY, WHEN HE HEARD LOVE'S CALL—

III.—A DIGRESSION ON LOVE IN GENERAL, AND FASHIONABLE LOVE IN PARTICULAR.

O Love! who rulest the land and the seas
 With a mightier sway than Cæsar,
The maiden hears thy voice in the pleas
 Of him who is striving to please her;
She hears thy voice and her heart is thrilled
With tender joy, while her soul is filled
With a deeper life, and gushes o'er
With a dewy delight unknown before.
And the youth who is touched with thy magic power
Grows manly and strong in the blessèd hour,
When the blushing cheek of the maiden reveals
What her heart would utter but yet conceals.
(The above is love in the language of those
Who pretend to write what the heart alone knows,)
But don't for a single moment suppose
That Timothy Tibb felt any such throes;
Such thrilling delight, such passionate glow,
Is not for the world of fashion to know,
With its glittering pomp and splendid show;
Where Cupid shoots from a golden bow,
And Love is a word of long ago;
Where each share of love is a railroad share,
 And affection on real estate is bent,
And a man with an interesting air
 Means one whose money brings twenty per cent.

IV.—THE HEROINE.

Thus Timothy, when he heard Love's call—
 Or feared the officer's hand on his collar—
Didn't fall in love with a "blue" or a doll,
 But looked about for the almighty dollar.
Miss Betsey de Brown was the fortunate maid,
Her father's stock a dividend paid
Of at least fifty thousand dollars a year,
If reports were correct, and no one could hear
Of statements more true or figures more clear.

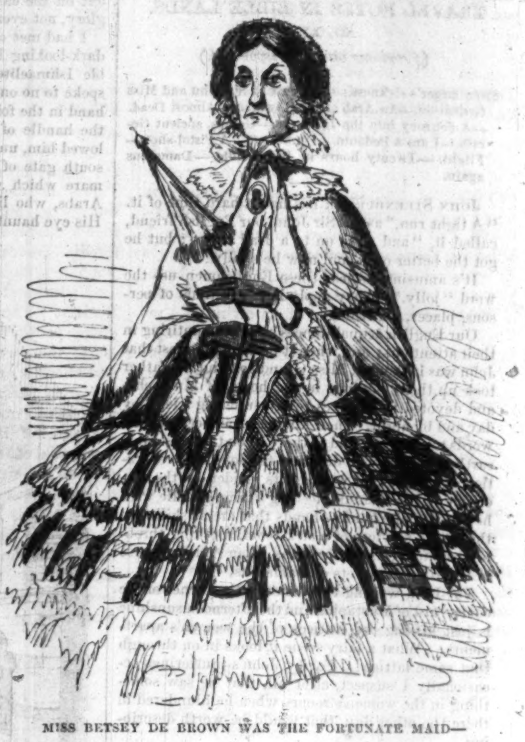


ONE MORNING AS TIMOTHY SAT AND READ—

Miss Betsey was gaunt, and scraggy, and spare,
Her mind not half so well-read as her hair—
(But then her Pa was a millionaire).
Miss Betsey in horrible taste was dressed,
The gaudiest colors she counted the best;
And when she was promenading Broadway,
She looked, in her many-colored array,
Like a feminine Joseph out on display—
(But then her father a dowry would pay,
When he gave his precious daughter away,
That would far outshine her colors so gay).
Miss Betsey's manners were rude and bold,
And rumor called her a vixen and scold,
That her heart was selfish, and mean, and cold;
That the man who took her would surely be sold—
(But then she was heiress of untold gold);
And Timothy thought he could bring good looks,
The manners and taste, the learning of books,
The ready wit, and the ready word—
While the other "ready" his wife could afford.

V.—HOW TIM WAS MARRIED AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW SUSPENDED.

How Timothy won his wonderful Bet,
 And made her his wife for worse or better,
The account would weary, if I should let
 The reader know; suffice it, by letter,
He sent in a "sealed proposal," which met
The parents' approval, and Timothy met her
A while as a lover, and the golden fetter
Of marriage made them husband and wife,
And bound them together for the rest of their life.
But the honeymoon bliss was hardly done
When the "Battle of Life" was really begun;
And Timothy found that his wife had a tongue
Shrewish and sharp, and conveniently hung
In the middle; from morn until night it rung



MISS BETSEY DE BROWN WAS THE FORTUNATE MAID—

In his ears, till he thought her hair so red
Was a fire—and the fire alarm in her head!

One morning as Timothy sat and read
The news at his ease—for his wife was abed—
He suddenly started; for there, at the head
Of an article, was: The News of the Town!
Suspension and Flight of the Banker, De Brown.
And Timothy hastily rushed for the street,
Demanding of all he happened to meet,
"Is it true—is it true, that the banker, De Brown—
That great millionaire—has failed and gone down?"

VI.—THE SUSPENSION OF TIMOTHY.

It was only too true; 'twas the common chat,
 And Timothy's teeth began to chatter,
And he thought of his wife with her tit-for-tat,
 Scolding amid the rags and tatter;
For Poverty stared him in the face,
Poverty stained with the deep disgrace
To his conscious manhood, of selling himself
And his vows of love, for the pitiful pelf
Which had fled his grasp; and how his life
Must be spent in toil for an unloved wife;
And cold despair came over him then,
And the dark resolve of reckless men:
He bought him a rope for eighteen pence,
He sallied forth with *malice prepense;*
He waited not for time or for tide,
But around his neck the knot he tied;
He bowed the bough—his life was ended,
And Tim, like his father-in-law, suspended.

VII.—EPITAPH AND MORAL.

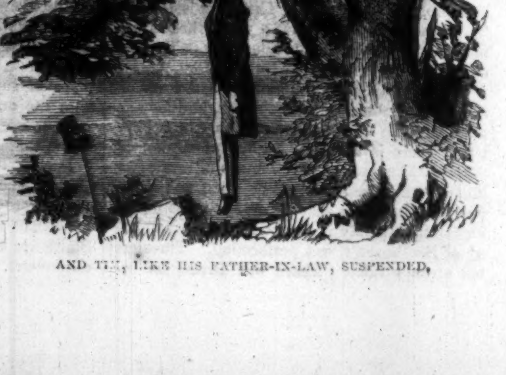
Epitaph.

No duke of highest place,
 Nor all the common horde
That ever bored his Grace,
 Or ever graced his board,
Could with our Tim compare;
 No wit was ever keener;
An heir of lofty air,
 High mien, and fine demeanor.

We all are doomed to fade;
 Yet by the stars above,
If Tim had loved no maid,
 Or else had made no love,
He still would walk adown Broadway,
 And glow with broadcloth glory,
Nor laid the subject of this lay,
 Wherein I store his story.

Moral.

O Timothy! had you but tried to win
A heart and a head, disregarding the "tin;"
Had you earnestly loved and labored in truth,
With a purpose befitting the love of your youth,
You would not so soon have given up hope,
Nor so quickly have reached the end of your rope.



AND TIM, LIKE HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, SUSPENDED.

---

* To get of this image the poetic pith
Carefully read Alexander Smith.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

NO. XVIII.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Steenburger's sickness.—Kindness of Sir John and Miss Grandison.—An Arab of the Howaran.—Almost Dead.—A Journey into the Howaran.—Gerash, ancient Gerasa.—I am a Bedouin.—Found out.—A Pistol-shot.—Flight.—Twenty hours in the Saddle.—Damascus again.

JOHN STEENBURGER has had a hard time of it. "A tight run," as old Sir John, our English friend, called it, "and close on to a dead throw; but he got the better of it, and now he's jolly!"

It's amusing to hear these Englishmen use the word "jolly." They apply it to all kinds of persons, places, and things.

Our English acquaintances have been untiring in their attentions; and when it became manifest that John was in danger, Miss Grandison and her father took up their lodgings in the house of Mustapha, and devoted themselves to my suffering friend by day and by night. Their kindness has been beyond words to express; and if there be on this miserable earth a woman who deserves the love and veneration of a man, that woman sits yonder, on the other side of the fountain, feeding a tame gazelle with her tiny, white hands—hands that are as skilled in the gentle services of a sick-room, soothing throbbing temples, as on the reins of an Arabian horse in the difficult streets of Damascus.

For I am writing this letter in the corner of the court-yard of Mustapha, and the afternoon sunshine is just kissing the lattices of the women's apartments. What a fairy scene it looks in on through that same lattice! For by John's mutterings occasionally I suspect, after all, that he saw something in the women's rooms, when he blundered in there the other day, that would be worth describing.

So soon as John began to be better, and no longer needed watching, when he had been carried out into the sunshine in the court-yard, and was likely to be there regularly every day, I yielded to a temptation that I could not resist, and made a trip down through the country known as the Howaran, with a Bedouin party.

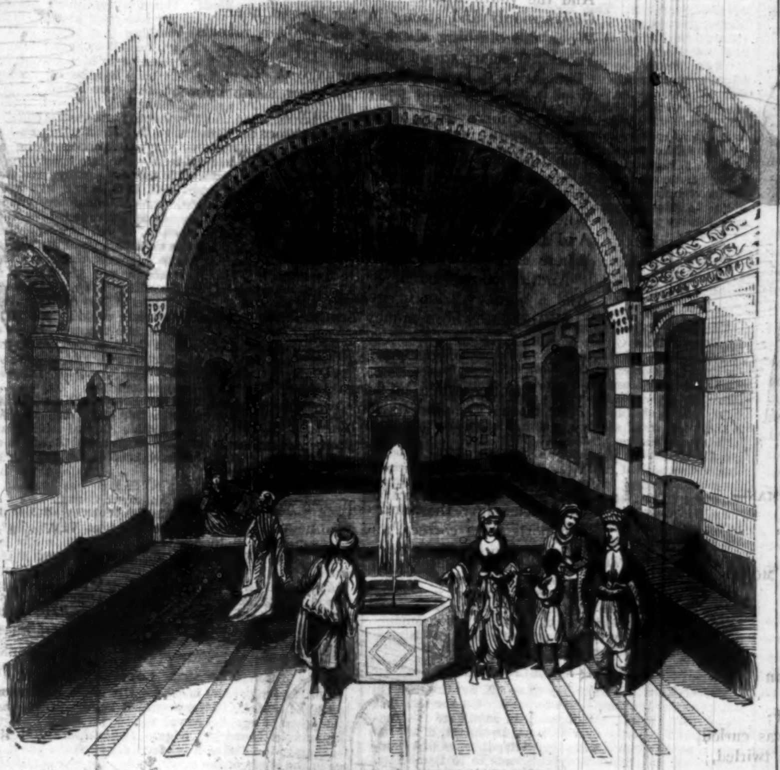
It was no small affair, let me tell you. The Howaran is the section of Syria lying east of the Upper Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. Its recesses have been visited by few travelers, explored as yet by none. It is, in fact, in the possession of Bedouins, and they most jealously guard their possessions against intruders, so that I was unable to enter their country in my own costume and character.

Recent robberies and depredations committed by them on their neighbors warned us that there was no less danger than of old in a trip through their territories, and I accordingly made my preparations for a hazardous journey.

The temptation was great to one who loves ruins. The whole of the Howaran abounds in Roman remains, and especially there is within its southern border the ruin of the ancient Gerasa (or Gergasa), a city not mentioned in Scripture, but which, in the time of Christ, had become the most powerful of the Syrian cities beyond Jordan, and gave its name to the land of the Gergesenes, mentioned in the sacred writings. These ruins surpass in splendor even the far-famed ruins of Palmyra. Indeed there is not left on the earth a more sublime relic of Roman glory, not even in Rome itself.

I had met one day in the street of Damascus a dark-looking Bedouin, who seemed to be a veritable Ishmaelite. No man spoke to him, and he spoke to no one. He walked along with his right hand in the folds of his burnoose, as if it were on the handle of a knife. I watched him, and followed him, unobserved. At the Bab-el-Hadg, the south gate of the city, he mounted a magnificent mare which was waiting for him, held by two Arabs, who likewise mounted and followed him. His eye haunted me: it was an eagle's. I did not forget it. Next day I met him outside the walls, when I was taking my morning gallop with Miss Grandison, for we took a morning's airing together regularly. Her horse sheered at the apparition as a half-dead man, rising from the road-side, with blood streaming down his bare limbs, endeavored to walk, but fell again heavily. My mare was used to that sort of thing. Blood and death were her old familiars.

I pulled up, and sprang off to see the sufferer. My story must be brief, for I have much to write. He was wounded, and but for my timely help would have died. He was my friend of the eagle-eye, and, as I learned soon, was Sheik Haroun Ben Said, and his home was at Gerash, the ancient Gerasa. I saved his life, and he promised to take me to Gerasa. He advised sundry changes of garment, and I made them; some alteration of complexion, and by the aid of a certain Hakim in the drug bazar I accomplished that; so that I emerged from the Gate of the Pilgrims, on our southward route, as vile a Bedouin in personal appearance—as filthy and as unworthy robbing—as any man of my companions, and they were seven.



WHAT STEENBURGER SAW IN THE HAREM.

We had no tents nor baggage of any sort. We rode mares of the blood of the Prophet's own. Shall I describe to you that strange journey? How I was for a week a veritable son of Ishmael, living in the open air, sleeping actually under the hoofs of my horse (good animal, she would never disturb me with a touch of her dainty foot)? How we rode day and night—now crossing the ridges of wild hills, now through luxuriant valleys, now entering a village to buy a mouthful of bread, and now avoiding a camp fire that smoked in a ravine where it was probable that hostile descendants of our father Abraham were encamped—until at length, across the horizon, in a dim starlight night, I saw the glory of Gerash against the blue sky?

All this I leave you rather to imagine, though I might fill a volume with incidents of the journey, which I have accomplished with no small peril and vast excitement.

Of the ruins I shall not pause to speak otherwise than to say that they answered all my expectations. They were magnificent beyond the enthusiastic descriptions I had read of them. The worshipers of false gods put to shame Christians in the lavish of wealth on their shrines and temples. Gerasa, a provincial city of Rome, boasted wealth that modern Rome does not excel in her religious buildings. It was a desolate sight, as you may well imagine, when I sat down on the wall of that grand theatre, whose rare stage was fitted to float galleys and represent naval combats, and heard the night wind sigh mournfully across the wastes of splendidly-carved stone, fallen columns, crumbled and deserted altars.

I was sitting thus on the second evening after my arrival. Haroun had taken me into his own black tent, and by dint of keeping silent, or grumbling a little guttural Arabic now and then, I had imposed thoroughly on his women and children. I took to their fare without complaining, and made a dinner of sour milk, dry bread, and dates, with capital gusto. But Haroun had a friend who was suspicious. Had we trusted him I think he would have proved faithful; but he was a vile dog, and Haroun warned me against him even before we left Es Shem.

I was seated on the wall, and I forgot that I was a Bedouin—forgot that I was to personify any one but the traveler from the far West, whose feet had led him to this wilderness of ruins—and so perhaps I did, or said, or acted something that betrayed me fully. The scoundrel had been watching me, and sent a bullet at me from behind a fallen column close by me. So certain was he of his aim that he sprang at me instantly after firing. His ball struck me on the left shoulder, and wounded me, but not badly. I rose as he appeared, and I confess to you candidly that I have but a very confused recollection of what followed. When I came to my perfect senses I was on my mare, with Haroun by my side on his splendid chestnut, and we were going like the tempest.

"Did I kill him, oh Haroun?"

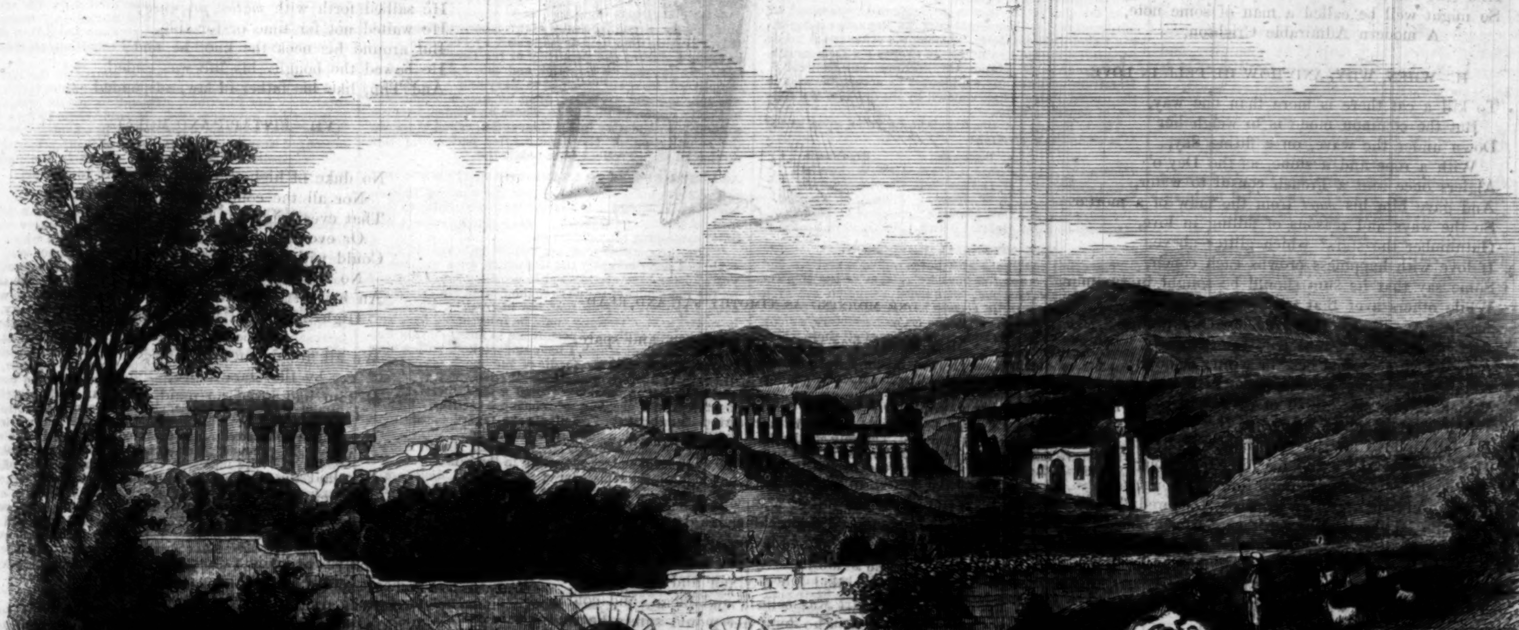
"He is with the Prophet; the peace of God be with him!"

"Where did I hit him?"

"In the very centre of his forehead. The accursed dog fell dead at your very feet."

It was just so. I had made "a pretty mess of it," as Sir John expressed it when I got back to Damascus.

Day broke gray and chill over the eastern mountains, but we did not pause. Our noble horses strained every nerve, and pressed steadily on. For twenty hours I never left the saddle, and those superb beasts never faltered. Then for two hours and a half we lay down by a spring and rested, eating, each of us, five dates, a crust of bread, and some raisins. The horses drank and nibbled the grass, and each had precisely what we had, and ate the same amount. Then we mounted again. It was late in the afternoon, but thereafter we did not rest till we entered the gates of Damascus at sunset of the next day. Such is the power of the Arab horses, and such was the necessity of the case, for the avenger of blood was on the track,



GERASH (ANCIENT GERASA), CHIEF CITY OF THE COUNTRY OF THE GERGESENES.

and now, as of old, a City of Refuge was the only safety.

I parted from Haroun, the son of Said, at the door of the house of Mustapha, and have not seen him since. He went home by a long route, to mislead the pursuers, who probably have no idea that we came to Damascus.

LITERARY.

Aspirations of Nature, *by J. T. Hecker*. New York: James B. Kirker.

The sum of this volume, which is by no means of an ordinary kind, is that the desires of the heart of man after God will nowhere find perfect satisfaction except in the bosom of the Church of Rome. We say the book is of no ordinary kind. The author is a man of talent, and writes with remarkable clearness and force, and with great ingenuity.

The book is Jesuitical, in the common acceptation of the word. It is profoundly silent on points that need most light, but its chief characteristic is the coolness and deliberation with which the author falsifies our common-sense, and argues with us in the very face of manifest truth.

The best illustration we can give of this is in the writer's argument on the place which reason ought to occupy in religious education. He gravely, and as quietly as if he believed it himself and expected others to believe it, argues that the Protestant religion rejects reason; that man needs and demands a religion which his reason approves, and that the Romish Church precisely meets that demand—as if nine-tenths of the dogmas of the Church of Rome were not matters of faith, in the very teeth of reason and common-sense! The very basis of the faith—the Infallibility of the Church—being a dogma invented to overcome the repugnance of human reason to the teachings of the Church, and demanding pure faith first and above all things, though itself contrary to the first principles of reasoning.

A Primary History of the United States, for Schools and Families, *by Benson J. Lossing*, author of the "Pictorial Field-Book," etc. Illustrated. New York: Mason Brothers.

The name of Mr. Lossing ought to be sufficient to insure for this book that popularity which its intrinsic merit will command for it. It is judicious in arrangement, interesting to children, and made eminently attractive by its very beautiful illustrations; so that altogether, as a family-book for young persons at home, or as a text-book at school, we can not name its superior. Not the least merit of the book is that familiar, gossipy, taking style in which the author talks to his young friends and enchains their attention.

Moss Side, *by Marian Harland*, author of "Alone" and "The Hidden Path." New York: Derby & Jackson.

Decidedly above the ordinary run of novels, and deserving the success which it has already met with. The author (Mrs. Terhune, we believe, is her real name) has taken and will retain a place among our most distinguished lady writers of fiction.

The Prisoner of the Border, a Tale of 1838, *by P. Hamilton Myers*. New York: Derby & Jackson.

This is a story of the Canadian rebellion, written with much spirit, and specially interesting as a reminder of scenes which most of us remember, and persons with whom we are more familiar than is usually the case with the characters in a novel.

The Princess of Viarna; or, the Spanish Inquisition in the Reign of the Emperor Charles Fifth. New York: Pudney & Russell.

A book abounding in the horrible; the plot founded on the terrors with which history, aided by imagination, has invested the secret tribunal.

The Legal Adviser; or, How to diminish Losses, avoid Lawsuits, and save Time, Trouble, and Money, etc., *by Edwin T. Freedley*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The best way to get into a lawsuit is to attempt to be your own lawyer. The community is in the hands of the profession, and they invariably enjoy any legislation which attempts to save men the expenses of litigation. It is a common remark among lawyers that every new statute to reduce fees increases business for them. This book is designed to give such instructions to business men as will enable them to avoid difficulties, and to conduct their business on correct principles. It is a valuable book for its purposes. It contains good advice and judicious instruction. The closing advice in the first chapter is worth copying: "Before commencing an action it will be well to consider whether you have a good cause, a good purse, a good counsel, a good judge, a good jury, and good luck."

First Book of Chemistry and Allied Sciences, *by John A. Porter, Professor in Yale College*. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have had occasion heretofore to express our high opinion of Professor Porter's school books. This, although a small work, is remarkably clear, simple, and practical, and commends itself to the attention of teachers as a hand-book for beginners in Chemistry, Geology, and Physiology.

The Festival Glee Book, a Collection of Part Songs, Accompanied and Harmonized Melodies and Glees, etc., *by George F. Root*. New York: Mason Brothers.

Let no unsophisticated reader imagine that "part songs" signifies parts of songs. This is a collection of songs arranged in different parts for different voices, and includes also The Haymakers, an operatic cantata in two parts, by Mr. Root. Many of these are already great favorites, and others will become so. The collection will be a valuable addition to the musical library of every lady who has a piano-forte, and of every family in which the children are taught to sing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

RECOGNITION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF NICARAGUA.

Senor Yrissari is pressing the Administration to recognize him as Minister from Nicaragua, representing the new Provisional Government. It is expected that Mr. Buchanan will do so. The mission of Carey Jones appears to have been a failure, and no information has been derived from him which the Government did not know before.

PROSPECTS OF GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

It is stated that several hundred recruits are ready to sail under Walker on a new filibustering expedition against Nicaragua. The Cabinet are opposed to any such illegal proceedings, and General Cass has addressed a letter to the United States Marshals and District Attorneys, containing the following passage:

"I am directed by the President to call your attention to the subject, and to urge you to use all due diligence, and to avail yourself of all legitimate means at your command to enforce these and all other provisions of the said act of 20th of April, 1818, against those who may be found to be engaged in setting on foot or preparing military expeditions against the territories of Mexico, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua, so manifestly prejudicial to the national character, and so injurious to the national interest. And you are also hereby instructed promptly to communicate to this Department the earliest information you may receive relative to such expeditions."

FALLING OFF IN THE REVENUE.

From present appearances, the Secretary of the Treasury does not estimate that the revenue for the pending fiscal year will exceed thirty millions of dollars.

THE DARIEN CANAL SURVEY.

The Navy Department has received an official communication from Commodore Paulding relative to his reconnaissance of the Isthmus between Aspinwall and Panama, to ascertain the practicability of constructing the interoceanic canal. He and his scientific party took the route by which the railroad passes, as in every respect most desirable for this purpose. He reports that the Isthmus itself seems to present no serious obstacle for the construction of a canal, but that there would be great difficulty in procuring laborers for the successful accomplishment of the work. The distance from ocean to ocean, according to Engineer Totten's estimate, along the proposed line of route for the canal, is forty-five and three fourths miles. It is calculated that the cost of the canal, including harbor improvements at both ends, will not exceed eighty millions of dollars.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

It is expected that the government will proceed at once with the work on the Washington Aqueduct, employing so many men that the whole may be completed in eighteen months. The design is, of course, to afford employment to laborers during the present season of distress, and to deplete the Treasury.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The election in Kansas has come off, but the result is not known at the hour we go to press. On one side it is stated that Parrott, the Republican candidate for Congress, has a majority over Ransom, Democrat, of 5000 to 8000, that the Council will stand 9 Republicans to 4 Democrats, and the House 24 Republicans to 15 Democrats. On the other, it is generally stated, without figures, that the Democrats have carried the Legislature and elected Ransom to Congress. It appears that the election went off quietly, though the soldiers voted, and Missourians also in one or two counties.

The recent State election in Georgia has resulted in the choice of Joseph E. Brown, the Democratic candidate, for Governor, by from eight to ten thousand majority, and certainly seven Democrats to Congress. The First Congressional District remains to be heard from. James L. Seward, delegate to the last Congress, is the Democratic nominee, against Mr. Barton, American. The opponents of Mr. Seward have made considerable capital out of the circumstances connected with the purchase of Blythe Island for a naval dépôt, in which Mr. S. was somehow mixed up. If Mr. Seward is elected, it is a gain of two administration members of Congress.

Andrew Johnson, the present Governor of Tennessee, has been elected successor to Honorable James C. Jones, in the United States Senate.

At the charter election in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on 5th October, the Democrats beat the Republican-American ticket by 99 majority. Among the other towns heard from forty-one are Republican to twenty-six Democratic.

Governor J. H. Hammond declines, but General J. Hamilton declares his willingness to accept the seat in the United States Senate vacated by the death of Mr. Butler, of South Carolina.

The following are the tickets to be voted upon at the Wisconsin State election:

	Democrats.	Republicans.
Governor..........	James B. Cross.	Alex. W. Randall.
Lieut.-Governor..	D. D. Campbell.	Charles Schurtz.
Sec. of State......	D. W. Jones.	John L. V. Thomas.
Treasurer..........	Carl Habisch.	Samuel D. Hastings.
Attorney-General.	Gabriel Bouck.	Mortimer M. Jackson.

THE FINANCIAL REVULSION.

The crisis continues with unexampled severity. Not even in 1837, when the banking system of the country was obviously unsound, was there so much suffering among the mercantile classes as there is at the present time. The failures continue to be, as heretofore, among the oldest and wealthiest houses. Almost all those which have suspended show a vast surplus, yet it is found impossible to obtain money. The banks have resolved rather to go down than to afford accommodation to the merchants.

NEW YORK.

The week in this city has been chiefly marked by the failures of large mercantile houses. The only city banks which have failed have been the Bowery Bank, the East River Bank, the Grocers' Bank, and the Central Bank of Brooklyn, all small concerns. Among the more prominent of the mercantile failures may be mentioned Messrs. Corning & Co., Harper & Brothers, Bowen & M'Namee, W. G. Lane & Co., Willets & Co., Seymour & Co., H. A. Coit, Hoppock & Greenwood, etc.—all very large concerns, with a large surplus. The Illinois Central Railway has gone to protest, and has made an assignment; the Erie and Michigan Central Companies have also gone to protest. The loan for the deficiency in the State Sinking Fund has not been taken, nor was there a single offer for the Brooklyn City Water-Work Bonds. Money abounds—in private hands—but no man will trust his neighbor, and very few will trust the banks.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has been in session during the week, discussing the bill to legalize the suspension of specie payments by the banks. At the hour we go to press it seems probable that a bill will be passed legalizing the suspension of specie payments by the banks till April, 1858, requiring them to pay specie for fives, and suspending execution for twelve months. The greatest excitement and distress pervades Philadelphia, and other cities in Pennsylvania.

ELSEWHERE.

The record elsewhere may be summed up in a single sentence. Many banks and some merchants have suspended. Three banks in Hartford, one in Nashville, Tenn., one in Detroit, Mich., and some small country banks and private bankers in various parts of the country have broken, together with many of the most prominent merchants in the West and East.

PERSONAL.

The London *Times* states that Lieut.-Col. Serrell, an American Engineer of some repute in the construction of suspension bridges, has arrived at Clifton, England, for the purpose of erecting a bridge of this description across the Avon from St. Vincent's Rocks to Leigh Woods.

Edward Everett is to be in Richmond, Va., in a few days, to repeat his "Washington Oration," and to receive General Washington's cane, which was purchased for the distinguished orator by the ladies of the Virginia Mount Vernon Association.

Mr. Richard Yeadon has arrived in Boston for the purpose of removing the remains of Hugh S. Legarée from Mount Auburn to Charleston.

A tragedy occurred at Troy, New York, on the 8th, which, from the singular circumstances attending it, has caused intense excitement. Rumors were rife at an early hour of the death by violence of Hon. Richard J. Knowlson, of Sandlake, in the tunnel between Congress and Ferry streets.

The facts of Mr. Knowlson's death are briefly these: On the 7th he staid at the house of John Kerr, Esq., with whom he had business relations. He got up at about four o'clock next morning, and leaving the house, proceeded to the railroad track, and from thence followed the track up to the Congress Street tunnel, where the early morning train of the Hudson River Railroad was backing up to the dépôt. When in the tunnel, the cars being about fifteen or twenty feet from him, he facing the cars, which were approaching him at the rate of about seven miles the hour, he fell or threw himself down, and the whole train passed over him, killing him instantly, and mutilating his body in a horrid manner. His overcoat, hat, and neck-stock were found carefully laid together at the side of the track.

It is understood that the negotiations for the *entrée* of Madame Cora de Wilhorst to the *Theatre Italien* have been suddenly abandoned, in consequence of the fact that her husband has suddenly come into possession, by inheritance, of a considerable fortune. At first this story was received with doubt; but it is certain that it has some foundation, for Monsieur and Madame de Wilhorst have set up their carriage, and are surrounded by all the appliances of rank and wealth. It will be remembered that it was a financial crisis in the affairs of Madame de Wilhorst which caused her to appear at the Opera.

Mrs. Marvin lost her husband and $18,000 on the *Central America*. Having nothing left but the scanty clothing she had on, the citizens of New York supplied her with $250 worth of trunks and clothing, and $50 in money. She started for home, and the cars ran off the track on Tuesday morning, at Corning, New York, completely dashing in pieces her trunks, and very nearly destroying all the contents. The Company furnished new trunks, and the passengers went on.

James T. Crawford, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul General at Havana, is in this city. Mr. Crawford has been for many years British Consul at Havana, where his courtesies and those of his amiable lady to our citizens, visitors to Cuba, have been of the most cordial and genial character.

The President substitute of Mexico has granted an *exequatur* to the following American Consuls and Vice-Consuls in that republic:—Charles Webster, as Consul in Tehuantepec; George L. Macmanus, as Vice-Consul in Chihuahua; J. A. Piernas, as Vice-Consul in San Luis Potosi; and William Denman, as Vice-Consul in Acapulco.

Among the large bequests of the late John E. Thayer is one of $50,000 to Harvard College, the income to be applied to the aid of the ten best under-graduates of that institution, in need of pecuniary assistance. He also devised $10,000 to Rev. George Putnam, of Roxbury; and $5000 to Rev. Rufus Ellis, of Boston.

DEATH OF HON. LOUIS M'LANE.

Hon. Louis M'Lane is dead. His life had been prominent and useful. In the year 1798, being then only fourteen years of age, he served with great credit as a midshipman on board the frigate *Philadelphia*. In 1801, yielding to the desire of his family, he left the navy, and began the study of the law in 1804. He was admitted to the bar in 1807, and rapidly attained a high place in his profession. In the war of 1812 he was a volunteer in a company commanded by Cæsar A. Rodney, and marched with that company to the relief of Baltimore when it was threatened by the British.

The great capacities of Mr. M'Lane now began to attract public attention, and in 1816 he was elected to the House of Representatives from Delaware, and remained a member of that body until 1827, when he was chosen by the Legislature a senator of the United States. In May, 1829, he was appointed by President Jackson to be the Minister of the United States to Great Britain, where he remained two years, and on his return he was called by the same President to take a place in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. He served in this place until 1833, when he became Secretary of State, and in June, 1834, he retired from political life.

In 1837, when the financial condition of the country required his services among ourselves, Mr. M'Lane was prevailed upon to accept the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and, removing to Maryland, he discharged the duties of this laborious office until 1847. In this time he was requested by President Polk to occupy, during the pendency of the Oregon negotiations, the mission to England, and this duty being accomplished, he again returned to Maryland. In 1850 he was solicited and prevailed upon by his fellow-citizens in Cecil County, in that State, where he resided, to serve as their representative in the Convention called to reform the constitution of Maryland. After performing this service he finally retired from public life.

AGASSIZ REFUSES TO LEAVE THE UNITED STATES.

The French Emperor has offered the chair of Paleontology, at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, to Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge. M. Agassiz declines, in a letter containing the following:

"Your proposition finds me unable to accept it, for I could not sever abruptly the ties which for a number of years I have been accustomed to consider as binding me for the remainder of my days to the United States. Moreover, I can not suppose that the instruction which was intrusted to M. d'Orbigny could be interrupted for a sufficient length of time to permit me to finish certain embryological labors which I have undertaken, with a view of comparisons with the fossils of the epochs anterior to our own, and which would lose all their interest if they should be left incomplete. I find myself, therefore, under the painful necessity of refusing a position which, in every circumstance, I shall always regard as the most brilliant to which a naturalist can aspire.

"It may appear to you strange that I should allow a few ovules and embryos to weigh in the balance which is to decide for the remainder of my life; but, doubtless, it is to this absolute devotion to the study of nature that I am indebted for the confidence of which you have just given me a mark as signal as it is unexpected; and it is because I would continue to merit this confidence for the future that I have taken the liberty of entering into these details. Allow me also to correct an error that has been circulated in reference to myself. I am not French. Although of French origin, my family has been Swiss for centuries, and I myself, though expatriated for more than ten years, have not ceased to be Swiss."

TROUBLES OF JOHN MITCHELL.

John Mitchell, the "Irish Patriot," has been getting thrashed at Knoxville. It appears that he made an attack on Mr. Fleming of the *Register*, got beaten, but was saved by the police; subsequently, the same day, Fleming met him again. We shall let him tell his own story: "About half past twelve o'clock, while I was standing a few steps down Cumberland Street, Mitchell walked down Gay Street, in company with a friend. At King's Corner, just in front of the Lamar House, I accosted him, advanced to within about six or eight paces of him, and then and there, in the presence and within the hearing of a hundred or more citizens and strangers, addressed and denounced him substantially as follows:

"'John Mitchell, you made a most cowardly though impotent assault on me this morning. You approached me with the smile of friendship upon your lips, but with the purpose of a murderer in your heart. You approached me armed, presuming correctly upon my being unarmed. Your purposes failed you, and I have stopped you to inform you that I am now prepared to meet you upon an equal footing, and to denounce you as a ruffian, a scoundrel, a highway assassin, and a murderer at heart, and an infamous coward if you do not resent this denunciation like a man, in an equal and honorable encounter.'

"Such, and much more, were the denunciations I pronounced, while he stood at the distance of six or eight paces, with his hand upon the cock of a partially revealed pistol. Yet he ingloriously withdrew from my presence, while shouts of '*coward!*' '*sneak!*' '*dastard!*' '*coward!*' broke forth spontaneously from the crowd, upon his dastardly exit."

DECLINE OF MORMONISM.

A Mormon Conference, composed of delegates from Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey, was held at Philadelphia on Sunday last, when it was announced that the Saints would strike their flags and give up all hopes of converting the unbelieving, stiff-necked Gentiles, in these regions to the belief of Jo. Smith and Brigham Young. Their publications have ceased, and their conventicles are closed.

PERSEVERANCE OF THE TEETOTALERS.

A Convention, composed of thirty-five persons, met at Albany last week to regulate the affairs of the temperance party of the State. The slim attendance is conclusive evidence of the little interest felt in the "cause," while the unanimous testimony of the speakers as to the effect of the new license law, and the indifference of the people generally with regard to the liquor traffic, are certainly discouraging to the laborers in the teetotal field. It was agreed to hold out forever for a Prohibitory Law, and to refuse any thing short thereof.

A LOVE STORY WITH A MORAL.

Love stories in these days so seldom have any moral at all, and we have been so much interested by the recital of one, that we are tempted to give it a place. The facts are indisputably correct:

About three months ago a German gentleman, named Henry Hartman, wealthy and respectable, and about fifty years of age, determined to leave his home, in the city of Berlin, and come to America, with the intention of spending the remainder of his life on a farm in the western part of Pennsylvania. He had an only son, who was but a few months wanting of being of full age. The couple completed their arrangements in the fatherland, and arrived in this city some time since. The father had with him fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars—ten thousand dollars of which sum was in notes of the Bank of Berlin. The remainder was in German gold coin. The notes were sewed in the lining of a coat, and the coin was left in one of the trunks of the couple. Both father and son engaged rooms at the house of L. Uderstadt, French boot and shoe maker, 157 North Fourth Street, below Race.

The son then took upon himself to view the city of Brotherly Love, and, in the course of his perambulations, met with a young German girl, with rosy cheeks, a fine form, and—a knowledge of the millinery business. In fact, the young lady practiced that vocation in Southwark, and, by her industry, supported a widowed mother, who resided in South Camden. Mr. Fritz Hartman, the youth, became dreadfully enamored—lost his appetite—read New York *Ledgers*, etc., etc.—and, finally, told his father that he was determined to marry. Forthwith a scene ensued, and the elder of the two at once refused his assent, and advised his son to take time to deliberate—to consider that the girl was poor, and to wait.

To make a long story short, the father, while these troubles were in progress, left for Pittsburg to purchase a farm. While he was gone, and on the 18th of September, his dutiful child took the $15,000 and disappeared, leaving behind him a letter stating that he would return if the old gentleman would consent to the match, and give him $5000 to start with in the world, otherwise both he and the money would remain *non est*. The girl, he stated, knew where he was gone, but would not reveal it except under the conditions mentioned.

The father returned from Pittsburg, found the letter, and found himself enraged. Forthwith he visited the girl, who denied any accurate knowledge of the whereabouts of the fugitive, and seemed as though not countenancing the course of the erring youth. There was nothing to be gained here, and Mr. Hartman, Sen., consequently visited the Police-office, and placed certain members of the force upon the track of Mr. Hartman, Jun. It was discovered that this worthy scion had left for Baltimore on the 19th September, having had $200 of his German coin exchanged for American gold. Since that time he has not been heard of.

The moral of the story is very plain. It is simply this: that cruel fathers should not go traveling and leave their heart-broken sons with large amounts of money.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

On the 2d of October the papers published the death of a married lady of this city, which occurred suddenly on Thursday, the 1st inst. The friends of the family assembled on Saturday, the 3d, to attend the funeral, but it having been discovered early on that day that the body still preserved its natural appearance, it was decided to perform the services in the house, deferring the burial for the present. The body was accordingly removed from the coffin to the bed, and now continues in a state of perfect preservation and natural condition, *on this the seventh day since its supposed decease.*

The utmost solicitude exists, of course, in the family, and every effort is being made to assist nature in the restoration of her functions, although as yet no symptoms of active life have appeared. It would seem to be a case for the most extreme measures to be adopted, lest the prolonged suspension of life may of itself prove fatal; and yet instances of a pause of weeks in the natural powers are said to have been recorded in Europe.

DUELS AT WEST POINT.

A Western editor has seen a statement, from a pretty reliable source, to the effect that a duel was recently fought between two officers at West Point, in which one was rather severely wounded. The other one, who had done gallant service in Mexico, was at once ordered off to Utah, and the affair was not made public. The same authority is given for the statement that recently, while a corps of cadets were ordered on some special duty, the young men took offense at the orders of the person in command of the squad, and one of them rushed at the officer with his sword drawn, and at once commenced a furious attack. The officer stood upon his defense, and finally succeeded in disarming his opponent, who was all the while becoming more hot and rash. In dispossessing him of his weapon, the cadet's sword-arm was wounded. He retired to have his wound bound up; and while absent one of his comrades assumed his place in the combat. The wounded man returned and again took his sword, and with increased violence attacked the officer, who found it necessary to use all his skill and vigor in parrying the blows of his antagonist. When the affair had become apparently one of life and death between the combatants, a senior officer came upon the ground and put an end to it. The cadets who participated in the combat were arrested, and it was supposed would be dismissed. One of them, it is stated, is a son of General Jesup.

HARD TIMES BALLOONING.

Mr. Wise gives an account of a late ascension in the Bangor *Whig*. The *Whig* says, in eight minutes after he left a light cloud interrupted a view of the balloon for an instant, and in a few minutes after it was missing for several minutes behind a large cloud. In half an hour, those who had kept him as a speck in the sky, lost sight of him. His line of direction was into an uncleared and uninhabited country. He could not perceive a single clearing. As the balloon was making rapid strides over the wilderness, he attempted to land in a thinly wooded juniper bog, five miles northeast of Great Works River. The grapnel took good hold, and he would have made a favorable landing, after being up one hour and five minutes, if a sudden and violent squall had not ripped the grapnel rope through the side of the car, and the balloon hurled the broken car over the tree tops, tearing the clothes and endangering the life of the aeronaut. He was dragged over a mile across tree tops and swamps full of underbrush, and finally through a pond or lake, dousing him several times under water. As he was about being dragged across a pond and into a scraggy piece of dried woodland, he concluded it best to jump. He slid some fifteen or twenty feet into bog, while his balloon went off on the wings of the wind. He then traveled through the woods without coming to any habitation, and in four hours reached Bradley, where he got conveyance to Oldtown. He wore his shoes and stockings off his feet in the rough tramp, and was in a wet and torn condition, with a hole stove through his hat. At Oldtown he warmed and dried himself and was re-shod. Mr. Wise says he found it very cold in his aerial trip. He reached an altitude of about two miles.

LOVE, DESERTION, AND SUICIDE.

Miss Hannah Buckman, of Philadelphia, while on a visit to the family of Dr. Smith, of Singletown, Pennsylvania, committed suicide; and a local paper states the following particulars: "Miss Buckman some years back kept a first-class boarding-house in Philadelphia, at No. 21 Branch Street. She was a Quakeress by profession, and had a polished education. Among her boarders was a man who, by his cunning, gained her affection, and promised to marry her. So completely had he won her confidence that she intrusted him with her funds to commence business with, after which he deceived her in his promises of marriage. This had such an effect upon her mind as to drive her to insanity, and she was placed in the Asylum at Philadelphia for two or three months. After she recovered, he promised again to fulfill his engagements, and again deceived her. This drove her to desperation, and on three different occasions she attempted to commit suicide, but was foiled. It is not known exactly what was the cause of her visit here. After she found herself in a dying condition, she requested Dr. Smith to telegraph to ——, which he did three times before an answer was received. This was as follows: 'If Hannah dies, have her decently buried, and I will pay all expenses.' The deceased was very respectably connected. She was about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, and never was married."

A CONDENSED STOCKING.

The correspondent of a Boston paper says: "In reading your report of the Boston Society of Natural History's last session in August, I observed that Dr. Head exhibited a large, smooth, and hard hair-ball, six inches in diameter, taken from the stomach of a healthy ox in Texas. This reminds me of an incident which occurred some time ago in the neighboring town of Sherborn. A fine, large ox was taken sick, refused to eat, and, in spite of all remedies resorted to, soon died. At a 'post-mortem examination,' a hard, smooth ball of the size of a large apple, and resembling in consistence, as well as in color, a piece of granite rock, was taken from his stomach; and on breaking it with a hammer—for cut it you could not—it proved to be a woolen stocking which the animal had swallowed, and, in its desperate efforts to digest, had rolled over and over, and finally compressed into that rock-like ball. Nothing could give a better idea of the tremendous power of muscular action in an animal of that size."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE INDIAN EXCITEMENT.

THE offer of a commission in the army to any qualified party raising one hundred recruits has been withdrawn. The subject of creating an army brigade from the middle class of Englishmen was daily attracting more attention, and it was supposed that the pressure of public opinion would induce the Government to take the matter up. The *Globe* says that the Privy Council have fixed Sunday, the 4th October, as a day for national humiliation and prayer on account of the Indian troubles. The Sultan of Turkey has contributed £1000 to the Indian Relief Fund. Considerable political importance is attached to this act of the head of the Mohammedan religion. The British Commander-in-Chief has conferred a good service pension of £100 a year on Brigadier-General Havelock, in recognition of his brilliant services in India.

A GOVERNMENT OUT OF TOWN.

Lord Panmure has left town for Brechin Castle, his lordship's seat in Scotland.—The Lord Chancellor has gone to his seat in Kent.—Earl Granville remains in attendance on her Majesty at Balmoral.—The Earl of Clarendon is still absent in the country.—The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood has arrived at Hickleton Hall, Yorkshire, from his tour of inspecting the ports of Ireland and Scotland.—The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere has gone to Stoke Park, near Windsor.—Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston are at Broadlands, near Romsey.—The Earl of Harrowby is at his seat in Gloucestershire.—Lord Stanley (of Alderley) is still in Scotland.—The Duke of Argyll is in Scotland.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is at Harpton Court, Herefordshire.—The Marquis of Lansdowne is staying at Cromer, in Norfolk.—From the above list, it will be seen that four-fifths of the Cabinet are at their country mansions, while the remaining fifth, viz., Sir G. Grey (Secretary of State for the Home Department), the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith (President of the Board of Control), and the Right Hon. T. M. Baines (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), we suppose, are left in London to carry on the Government at this important crisis of our national affairs.—Truly, it may be said, the war is "in earnest," but the rulers are "at play."

DIVERSIONS OF THE HEIR APPARENT.

A correspondent writes from Bex, in Switzerland: "The prince and suite, eight persons in all, have been running through Chamounix and the principal resorts. The party were at the Great St. Bernard a day or two ago. The prince selected the finest puppy of the famous St. Bernard breed, and, I think, paid 200 francs for it. But the Valaisans are rude and stupid. They filled the little beast with milk, and then gave him to a peasant to carry. The man flung him round his neck, as he would carry a young pig or lamb, and the consequence was that the cub suffocated. It was but his dead body that the fellow brought to the prince. His royal highness was grieved and annoyed. The monks have made all the reparation they can, by forwarding another cub. After all, the race is degenerating, and travelers take so much better care of themselves, and are enabled to do so by means of railroads and other modes of conveyance, that few remain to be saved in a *tourmente* of the mountain."

SUCCESSFUL CASE OF TRANSFUSION.

A poor woman was nearly dying at Stafford, lately, fearful hemorrhage having set in, draining the woman of blood. She felt herself dying, and summoned her husband to her bedside, bid him "Good-by," and earnestly requested him to take care of the children when she was no more. She then became pulseless and gasping, occasional breathing being the only indication of life. A vein was opened in her arm, and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter it was transmitted by suitable apparatus into the veins of the wife. After seventeen ounces had been thus injected the pulse became perceptible, the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eye brightened, and she thankfully said, "I am better." The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering. Death here was literally robbed of his victim.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The papers publish the report of the Select Committee of the English House of Commons appointed to consider the state of the British possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson's Bay Company. The committee have fully recommended the cession to Canada of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts, and the termination of the connection of the Hudson's Bay Company with Vancouver's Island. As to the extensive regions in Rupert's Land and the Indian Territory, they think that, both in regard to the interests of the fur trade and the Indian population, it is desirable that the Hudson's Bay Company should continue to enjoy the exclusive privileges which they now possess.

FRANCE.

THE CAMP AT CHALONS.

A Châlons letter, dated 18th September, says:

"The fifth day's grand manœuvres took place at the camp the day before yesterday with magnificent weather, the Emperor, as usual, commanding, and the proceedings lasting from 11 o'clock to 4. As on the preceding occasions, the programme was drawn up by his Majesty, and every movement was executed with admirable precision. The afternoon before, a second balloon ascent took place by one of the brothers Godard, to the great delight of the soldiers. In the evening there was a great display by the Zouaves, who are here, as they were in the Crimea, still the foremost in getting up pastimes. A few days ago they organized a comic performance, representing an Arab wedding. A Zouave of the Imperial Guard was attired as the bride, in a suitable Moorish costume. The scene of the performance, which consisted of a vast square space, having a large fire at each corner, and one in the centre, was further enlivened with numerous lamps, and benches and chairs were provided for the officers and other spectators. The ceremony had hardly commenced when the Emperor and his staff unexpectedly made their appearance, and took their seats among the audience amidst loud cheers. The performance went on: first came the wedding banquet; Arab mendicants approached the table, soliciting a share in the good things prepared for the guests; to the banquet succeeded games of chance and smoking. Two Arab negroes have a dispute together; they are about to come to blows, when the master of the tent parts them with smart raps of a stick. After this episode the guests form a procession with torches, and proceed to fetch the bride. She is brought in, and sits down, together with her companions, on the carpet prepared for her before the fire. Then follow a succession of antics, wrestling, jumping, etc.; the bridegroom is paraded about on horseback: and last of all comes the dance, in which the bride joins, performing the most extraordinary contortions, and cutting the strangest capers imaginable. All this is accompanied with the most discordant cries and noise of tambourines, etc. At length the bride is conducted in great pomp to her happy spouse, who awaits her in his tent. At the end of the performance the Emperor rose to retire; and immediately all the Bedouins armed themselves with the lanterns, formed a procession, and escorted the Emperor to his quarters amidst the general enthusiasm."

DEATH OF M. MANIN.

M. Manin, once Dictator of Venice, and one of the purest patriots of the present day, has just died at Paris. The funeral of M. Manin was attended by 1500 persons, of whom many were refugees. No funeral oration was permitted. Police precautions were taken, but no trouble occurred.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

As two villagers of Villey-le-Sec, near Nancy, were returning home a few days ago, with their two children, in the midst of a violent storm, a sudden flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud clap of thunder, frightened the children and made them instinctively turn toward their parents, who were behind them. What was their consternation on seeing their father fall lifeless on the ground, and the mother still standing, but motionless, with her cap on fire! They hastened to her relief, but it was too late—she, too, had been struck, and fell lifeless beside her unfortunate husband. All efforts to restore them to animation proved fruitless.

AN AMERICAN WEDDING AT THE PALACE.

A Paris letter says: "Another item of American news. On Monday last an American young lady was married at the Palace of Malmaison, and was given away by its occupant, the Ex-Queen Christina, of Spain. The invitations were made in the name of Christina. The young lady who was the recipient of this honor at the hands of the Queen was Miss Isabella Robb, daughter of Mr. James Robb, of New Orleans, well known as a patron of the arts, and as the former possessor of one of the copies of Powers's Greek Slave. The bridegroom was General San Ramon, of the Spanish army. Some one informed me that the first acquaintance between the parties was made on that prolific ground for love matches, the Hôtel du Louvre, in the course of last winter. But it is much more probable, since General Ramon was formerly connected with the Government of Cuba, and since Mr. Robb was engaged at the same time at Havana in the gas enterprise, by which he gained a considerable proportion of his immense fortune, that the first acquaintance of the newly-married couple dates back to that period."

GERMANY.

THE MEETING OF THE SOVEREIGNS.

A telegraphic dispatch from Stuttgardt gives the following programme of the imperial meeting: The Emperors meet on Friday the 25th. They will give a grand banquet on that day, and an evening at the Princess Royal's country seat. On Saturday they will pay a visit to the royal breeding stud at Hohbenheim, and attend an evening party at Wilhelnuchloss, the garden to which regal palace will be illuminated. The Minister of Foreign Affairs will have an assembly on the same evening of all the members of the diplomatic corps. The festivities will terminate on Sunday by a grand banquet at the Court, and a gala spectacle at the theatre. The Emperors will take their departure on Monday morning.

A telegraphic dispatch from Stuttgardt, of the 25th, to the *Times*, says that Napoleon arrived there on that afternoon, at half past four o'clock. The King of Wurtemberg received him at the railway station, and conducted him to the palace, where they were immediately joined by the Emperor of Russia. Contrary to all expectations, the Empress of Russia was to join the party the next day.

The Paris *Patrie* says the furthering of a common spirit of amity and good intelligence between the Courts of France and Russia is the only object of the interview.

INDIA.

DETAILS OF THE MUTINY.

The mails of which we had a telegraphic summary last week have come to hand, and we have telegraphic advices of the succeeding mail.

From Delhi the intelligence comes down to August 12, at which time the city was still in the hands of the insurgents. A good deal of skirmishing had taken place, the rebels being invariably defeated, but with considerable loss to the British. General Nicholson arrived before Delhi on the 8th August, in advance of his force, which was expected between the 13th and 15th, when the number of the besiegers would amount to about 11,000 men. Farther reinforcements were looked for early in September, increasing the army to 15,000. It was expected that the assault would take place on the 20th of August.

The accounts in regard to General Havelock and the position of affairs at Cawnpore are conflicting. According to one statement, the General, after marching a second time toward Lucknow and defeating the enemy in two engagements, found the rebels, to the number of 50,000, strongly intrenched at Lucknow, and had to fall back upon Cawnpore, where, reduced to only 900 followers, he was expecting an attack from the insurgents. *Per contra*, the Trieste correspondent of the London *Morning Post* telegraphs that General Neill had attacked and defeated a large force near Cawnpore, and that General Havelock had succeeded in reaching Lucknow, the garrison at which place had been in a most precarious position.

Agra dates are to the 11th. All in the fort were well and amply provided with provisions, but the force was very weak and calling urgently for relief. The whole Christian population was within the fort.

A few more mutinies among the troops of the Bombay Presidency are reported, but they had been generally easily suppressed. Several suspected regiments had been disarmed.

As we have already announced, Major-General Reid, who held high command before Delhi for a short time, is dead. General Banks, who assumed command of the Lucknow garrison on the death of General Lawrence, had been killed by a shell. The mission of Lord Elgin to Calcutta was for the purpose of tendering the service of the European troops in China in exchange for some of the native Bengal regiments, it being considered that the Indian troops would prove sufficiently effective and more trustworthy at Canton than in their own country. Lord Elgin took with him to Calcutta 1700 troops and marines, and a naval brigade had been organized from his vessels to proceed forthwith up the Ganges. Another mutiny in a Bombay regiment at Dharwar was reported just before the departure of the mail. With the exception of one regiment of light cavalry, which had been ordered to proceed to Bengal, had refused, and had been disarmed without bloodshed, it was the universal opinion that, whatever might happen in the Bombay Presidency, or elsewhere in the country, the Madras troops and the Sikhs would remain perfectly loyal. A letter from London, in the Paris *Patrie*, asserts that Nena Sahib was marching upon Lucknow at the head of 14,000 or 15,000 insurgents; and that as he was four days ahead of General Havelock, it was considered certain that he would effect a junction with the Oude rebels before the English general's arrival. The fort of Lucknow, however, was deemed impregnable, and it was well supplied with food and water.

PETITION AGAINST THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

At a meeting of merchants and others at Calcutta, held on the 3d of August, Sir A. D. H. Larpent, Bart., in the chair, the annexed petition to the Home Legislature was adopted:

"*Petition of the British inhabitants of Calcutta to the Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.*

"The humble petition of the undersigned British inhabitants of Calcutta most humbly showeth;

"That your petitioners view with daily increasing anxiety and alarm the condition and prospects of British India.

"They do not despair of its speedy reconquest by the forces of her Majesty, but it is undeniable that, with the exception of three or four places of strength, the whole of the northwest provinces, as well as the newly acquired kingdom of Oude, is lost for the present. In addition to which Tirhoot, Behar, and Chota Nagpore are in danger.

"Throughout India the native belief in the prestige of British power has been destroyed, and where the Asiatic has no dread of physical force, he has no respect for moral influence.

* * * * * * *

"The government of the East India Company, to whose care the interests of Great Britain in the East have been confided, possess from their constitution absolute power. They have a perpetual majority in the Legislative Council, which is composed entirely of official persons.

"They have the sole appointment to all offices, with the exception only of those of the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Judges of the Supreme Court.

"There are no private or corporate rights that can be effectually opposed to them, nor is there any representation of public opinion.

"In the country desolated by the rebels there are hundreds of civil servants, judges, magistrates, and collectors, village chowkedars, and policemen in tens of thousands, and more than 2000 commissioned military officers, Europeon and native; and yet, if we may believe the Government, there was not in all this vast establishment to be found one person to acquaint the authorities of the existence of a conspiracy spread over countries many times larger than the area of the British Isles, and in which upward of a hundred thousand soldiers have joined.

"The rebellion broke out, and found the Government totally unprepared.

* * * * * * *

"On the 25th of May last, when a number of regiments were in open revolt, when many treasuries had been plundered and various important stations fallen into the hands of the rebels, the Secretary to the Home Department officially informed the inhabitants of Calcutta, in answer to loyal addresses tendering aid and personal service, that 'the mischief caused by a passing and groundless panic had already been arrested, and that there was every reason to hope that in the course of a few days tranquillity and confidence would be restored throughout the Presidency.'

* * * * * * *

"On the 13th of June they passed a law which destroyed the liberty of the press, and placed every journal in India at the absolute feet of the executive authority.

* * * * * * *

"In the train of the revolt it is more than probable that famine, with all its Indian horrors, will follow.

"To remedy all these evils, and to fix on a firmer basis the British power in the East, your petitioners can alone appeal to the British nation.

"Your petitioners can look for no redress to the powers to whom the government of this great country is delegated; they have shown themselves unequal to the task.

"The Government of the East India Company have neither men, money, nor credit; what credit they had was destroyed by their conduct in the late financial operations.

* * * * * * *

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your honorable House will adopt such measures as may be necessary for removing the government of this country from the East India Company, and substituting in its place the direct government of her Majesty the Queen, with an open Legislative Council, suitable to the requirements of the country and compatible with the British supremacy, Queen's courts presided over by trained lawyers, and with the English language as the official court language. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

"CALCUTTA, *August* 3, 1857."

HOW GENERAL NEILL TREATED THE MUTINEERS AT CAWNPORE.

A Scotch paper publishes the following extract of a letter from General Neill, dated Cawnpore, August 1: "Whenever a rebel is caught, he is immediately tried, and unless he can prove a defense, he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels, or ringleaders, I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep in the shed where the fearful murder and mutilation of women and children took place. To touch blood is most abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. The first I caught was a subadar or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the provost-marshal do his duty, and a few lashes soon made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the road-side. No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word mercy, as applied to these fiends. The well of mutilated bodies—alas! containing upward of 200 women and children—I have had decently covered in, and built up as one large grave."

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE SURVIVORS AT CAWNPORE.

"CAWNPORE, *July* 18.

"MY OWN DEAREST BROTHER,—God Almighty has been graciously pleased to spare my poor life. I am the only individual saved among all the European and Christian community that inhabited this station. My poor dear wife, my darling sweet child Polly, poor dear Rebecca and her children, and poor innocent children Emmelina and Martha, as also old Mrs. Frost and poor Mrs. Osborne, were all most inhumanly butchered by the cruel insurgents on the day before yesterday, and thrown into a well, together with a great number of other ladies and children, reported to be about 150 in number. I am distracted. I am most miserable and wretched. I am like one in a dream.

* * * * * * *

"About 150 women and children, and about 100 European soldiers and officers, and men of all classes, were taken alive. The former were kept as prisoners up to the 16th of July, but the men (among whom was our poor Daniel) had their hands tied behind them, were killed with swords and muskets, and thrown into a ditch. The women received parched grain for a few days, but afterward they got dall and chupaties in small quantities. The rascals have bad motives for sparing them so long. At the time of their being murdered (on the 16th instant), I am told that a number jumped alive into the well that was intended to receive their corpses rather than be butchered and insulted so unmercifully as the hard-hearted brutes were using them. Oh! when I think of it, how my poor heart breaks; I get beside myself, and wish I had not been spared to hear of such dreadful accounts. Oh! my poor dear Polly, how must they have killed you? So sweet a child never existed. How will I ever forget you? The faces of all I have lost are ever before me. Oh! how dreadful is my state of mind! God Almighty have mercy on me! Oh, God! help Thou me, whom Thou hast spared.—Thine affectionate but miserable H. J. SHEPHERD."

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

An officer at Cawnpore stated that he had picked up scraps of paper among the clothes of the unfortunate women who met their death in Nena Sahib's slaughter-house. The mournful memorials referred to are spotted with blood, and contain the following inscribed upon them in pencil in female handwriting. Both the scraps seem to be leaves from the private journals of two different persons, as the writing is not the same. One of these pieces of paper runs as follows:

"Mamma died, July 12.
"Alice died, July 9.
"George died, June 27.
"Entered the barracks, May 21.
"Cavalry left June 5.
"First shot fired, June 6.
"Uncle Willy died, June 18.
"Aunt Lilly, June 17.
"Left barracks June 27.
"Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river."

The other is in the following words:

"We went into the barracks on the 21st of May, the 2d cavalry broke out at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th of June, and the other regiments went off during the day. The next morning, while we were all sitting out in front of the barracks, a twenty-four-pounder came flying along, and hit the intrenchment, and from that day the firing went on till the 25th of June; then the enemy sent a treaty which the general agreed to, and on the 27th we all left the B. to go down to A. in boats. When we got to the river the enemy began firing on us, killed all the gentlemen and some of the ladies, set fire to the boats; some were drowned, and we were taken prisoners and taken to a house, put all in one room."

The above sad relics speak for themselves. Hard must be the heart of the reader that can peruse them without the strongest emotion.

THE WELL OF HORROR.

CAMP CAWNPORE, *July* 22.

"I have been to see the place where the poor women and children were imprisoned and afterward butchered. It is a small bungalow close to the road. There were all sorts of articles of women and children's clothing. Ladies' hair evidently cut off with a sword, back-combs, etc. There were also parts of religious books. Where the massacre took place it is covered with blood like a butcher's slaughter-house. One would fancy nothing could be worse than this, but in the well at the back of the house are the bodies and limbs of the poor things. I looked down, and saw such a sight as I hope never to see again. The whole of the bodies were naked, and the limbs had been separated. I thought of the two Mrs. —— and the three poor girls, and felt very sad. By all accounts the women were so ill-treated that death, even such a death, must have been welcome to them. I will not enter into more details. I have told you enough to cause you to make allowance if I write savagely. I have looked upon death in every form, but I could not look down that well again."

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

An officer writes: "At Delhi, my dear grandfather, the diabolical cruelty of the Sepoys is horrible to relate. They paraded all the European heads up and down the city in a cart, and at Allahabad the 6th Native Infantry, who had received praise in the morning for their loyalty to Government, fell on their officers in the evening while they were at mess, and killed seventeen of them. The Adjutant of the regiment they nailed to an arm-rack, and made a target of his body; another officer was pinioned to the ground with bayonets, and a fire lit on his body. At another station there was one officer and his wife; he killed seven of the miscreants with his own hand, and when he saw there was no chance for himself or his wife, he shot her, and then himself, before he would let her fall into the hands of the Sepoys, because he was well aware what her fate would be—rape, and then murder. At a station called Fyzabad, two native regiments of foot and one of horse, with a battery of guns, mutinied and killed some of their officers. One colonel's lady saw her husband shot in front of her eyes, she then went raving mad through the jungle with her two infants. I had this from a survivor, one that escaped in a boat with about twenty more Europeans, principally women and children; he saw the lady with her children on the bank, and called her to him, but she looked at them for a moment, and then ran screaming away, dragging her children after her. They could not land to pursue, because the Sepoys were coming down on them at the time to murder them. I have since heard that the lady has been rescued, but is still a maniac. At another station they have murdered fifty-four Europeans; the place is called Jhansi. One officer killed no less than twenty-six of the ruffians before he was killed himself. A sergeant and his wife and two children barricaded themselves in their house; the woman said she would shoot the first man that entered, and she was as good as her word. She did so, and then was shot herself. The husband escaped, and the two children in attempting to follow him were caught and thrown into the flames, as they had set fire to the house.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

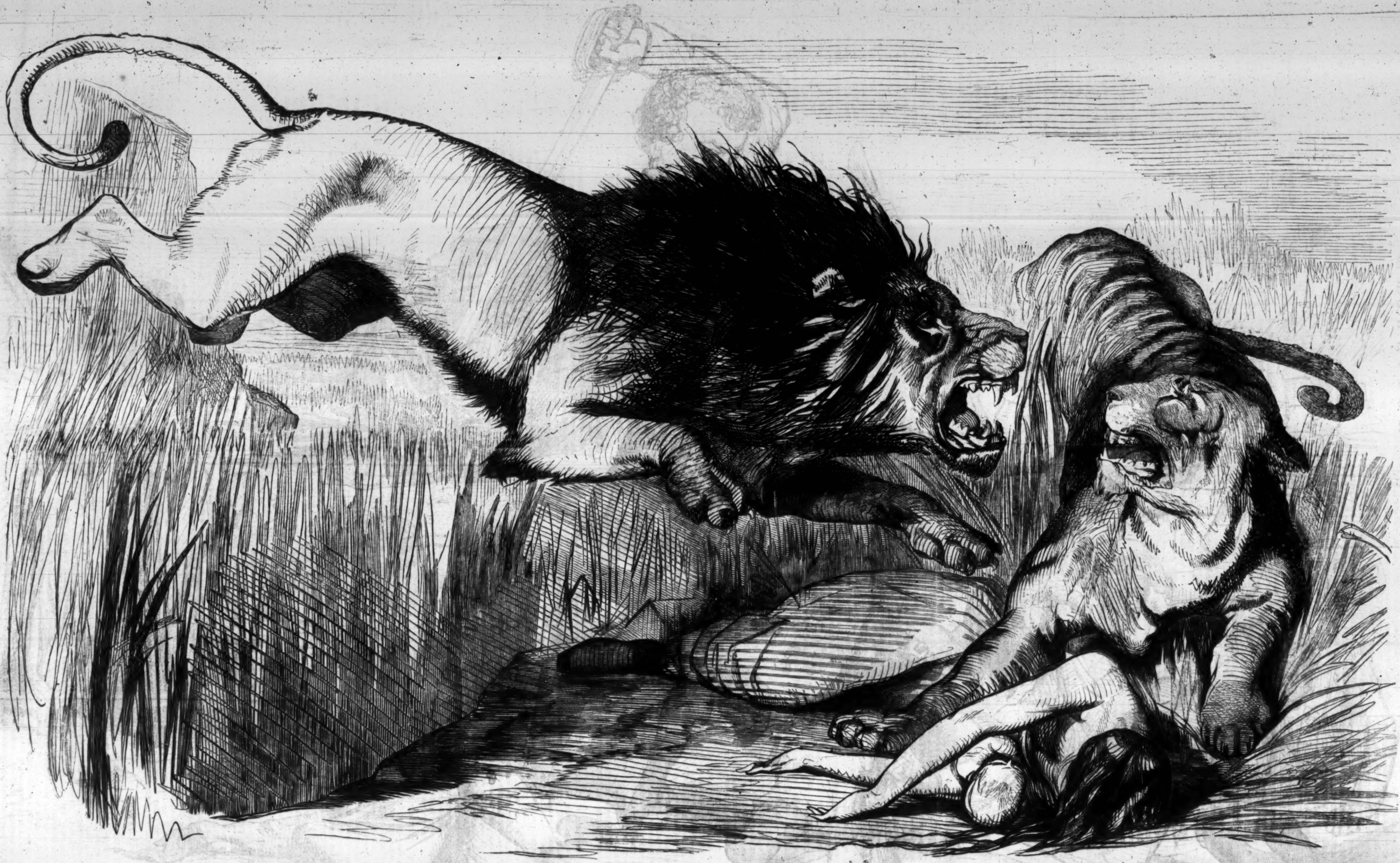
"A European private was one day bearing a wounded ensign, a mere boy, from the field, or rather the suburbs before Delhi. A mutineer fired from the upper windows of a house. Deliberately the soldier placed his senseless officer under shelter, walked to the house, tramped up stairs, dashed in the door, and shot the man. Two other mutineers were with him, and before they came to their wits two rapid thrusts of the bayonet had finished their course. The soldier then walked coolly back and resumed his burden. 150 mutineers got into a *serai* (or walled inclosure for travelers) on our flank and kept up a galling fire upon stragglers; 20 Europeans went at them, but they shut the door; it was blown open, our men rushed in and shut it behind them. They then slew every traitor inside, actually rushing from one to another and driving their bayonets through them as if they had been sheep. You'll think that with such difference of material Delhi could easily be taken; and so it could, but our officers say that once in the Europeans could not be held together; they'd be all over the city in a minute, and would be surprised at the barricades, or put *hors de combat* at the grog shops, which are worse than bullets. More troops are wanted, when, out of the lot, enough may be held in hand to clear the streets and take the Palace. Some force must be near Delhi now from the eastward.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

"We have all read and heard much of 'the British cheer,' but its effects must be seen to be appreciated. I never saw it better than at Badli-ka-Serai. Pandy's guns were all in position, and a beautiful position it was; every gun was in full play, and our advance column, under Brigadier Grant, with which I was, had got round Pandy's flank to his rear. Nothing was to be heard but heavy guns and the rattle of musketry, in the very teeth of which Her Majesty's 75th and 1st Europeans were marching up as if on parade, when that British cheer saluted our ears. It was like magic. Every gun except our own was silent immediately, though certainly not for very long. Even musketry seemed almost to have ceased, and we knew that the bayonet was doing its work on all who waited for it. It was some little time before the enemy's guns opened again, and when they did I can assure you they did not forgive the advance column for out-manœuvring them.

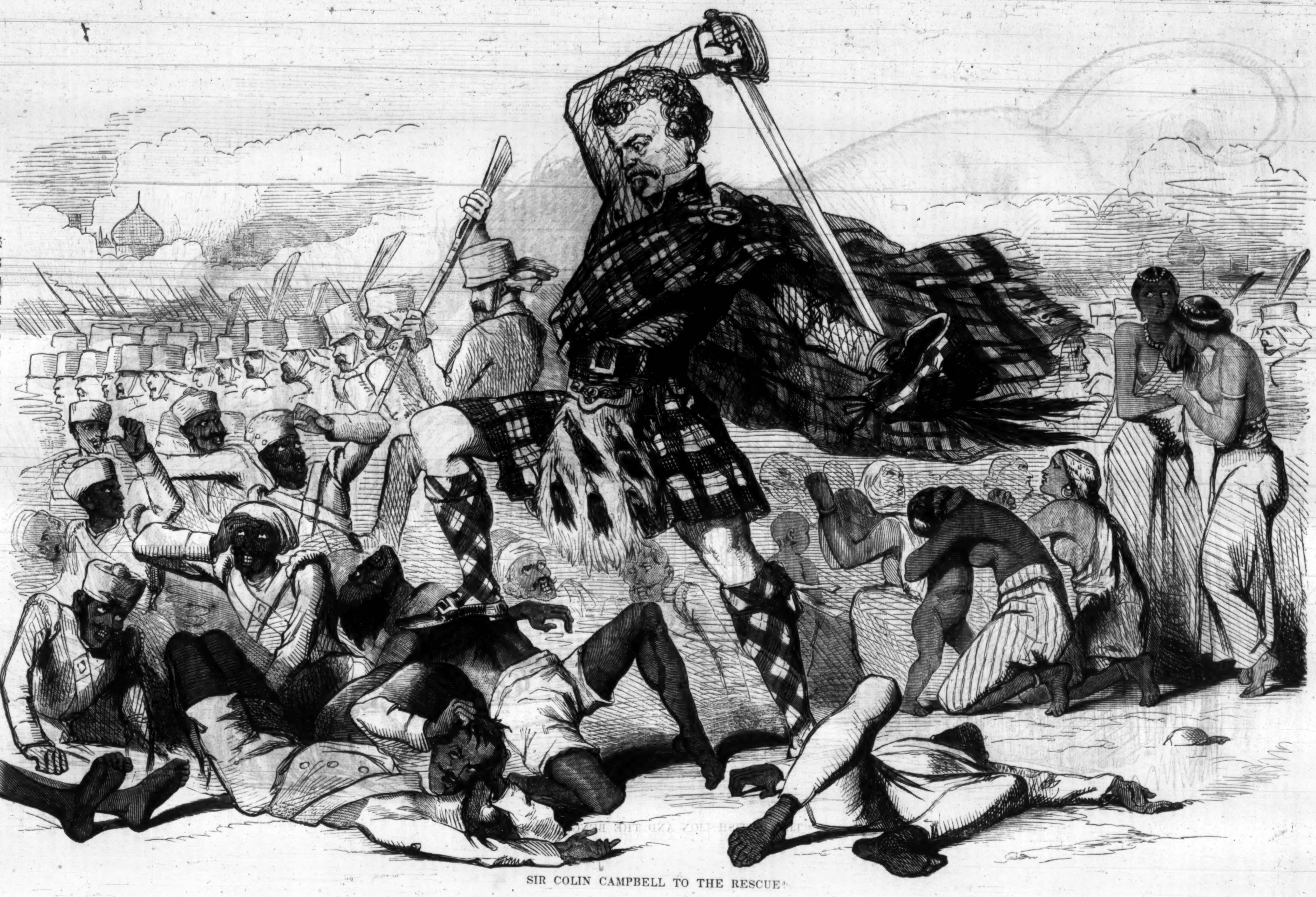
This is war in its very worst phase, for generosity toward an enemy seems to enter into no one's mind. The hardest fighting goes on at the right of our position. Our batteries are at this point, and Pandy's whole efforts seem concentrated on it. He has good cover from the Lahore-gate of Delhi up to the very foot of the hills on which our batteries are. This cover consists of houses, walled gardens, and large inclosures with high walls loopholed at the top. They have made a good many attempts to erect counter batteries in these inclosures, and generally pay the penalty. They were hard at work at one of these batteries the other day, and like idiots had blocked up every entrance but one. Twenty of our riflemen rushed in at this door, whereupon Pandy fled like a flock of sheep into a corner, and commenced firing indiscriminately at the riflemen, but being too much flurried did little damage. On the approach of the bayonet they had the barefacedness to beg for mercy. They might as well have begged for mercy of a Shylock, for in another moment forty of them were lying pierced with bayonets. We have Sepoys hanged in our camp every evening, which I have no doubt will astonish some of the people at home."

THE BRITISH VENGEANCE



THE BRITISH LION AND THE BENGAL TIGER.

ON THE INDIAN MUTINEERS.



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL TO THE RESCUE.

THE RED PETTICOAT AND THE WHITE.

Oh, the red, the flaunting petticoat,
  That courts the eye of day,
That loves to flare and be admired,
  And blinks from far away;
It may delight the roving sight,
  And charm the fancy free;
But if its wearer's half as bold,
  I'll pass, and let her be;—
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,
  She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
  As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways
  Where follies come and go;
It stirs the primrose on its path,
  Or daisy on the lea;
And if the wearer's like the garb,
  How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
  Oh, she's the girl for me!

Charles Mackay.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER X.

Showing with what success Gentleman Waife assumes the pleasing part of Friend to the Enlightenment of the Age and the Progress of the People.

On the landing-place Waife encountered the Irish porter, who, having left the bundle in the drawing-room, was waiting patiently to be paid for his trouble.

The Comedian surveyed the good-humored, shrewd face, on every line of which was writ the golden maxim, "Take things asy," "I beg your pardon, my friend; I had almost forgotten you. Have you been long in this town?"

"Four years—and long life to your honor!"

"Do you know Mr. Hartopp, the Mayor?"

"Is it his worship the Mayor? Sure and it is the Mayor as has made a man o' Mike Callaghan."

The Comedian evinced urbane curiosity to learn the history of that process, and drew forth a grateful tale. Four summers ago Mike had resigned the "first gem of the sea" in order to assist in making hay for a Saxon taskmaker. Mr. Hartopp, who farmed largely, had employed him in that rural occupation. Seized by a malignant fever, Mr. Hartopp had helped him through it, and naturally conceived a liking for the man he helped. Thus, as Mike became convalescent, instead of passing the poor man back to his own country, which at that time gave little employment to the surplus of its agrarian population beyond an occasional shot at a parson, an employment, though animated, not lucrative, exercised Mike's returning strength upon a few light jobs in his warehouse; and, finally, Mike marrying imprudently the daughter of a Gatesboro' operative, Mr. Hartopp set him up in life as a professional messenger and porter, patronized by the corporation. The narrative made it evident that Mr. Hartopp was a kind and worthy man, and the Comedian's heart warmed toward him.

"An honor to our species, this Mr. Hartopp!" said Waife, striking his staff upon the floor; "I covet his acquaintance. Would he see you if you called at his counting-house?"

Mike replied in the affirmative, with eager pride, "Mr. Hartopp would see him at once. Sure, did not the Mayor know that time was money? Mr. Hartopp was not a man to keep the poor waiting."

"Go down and stay outside the hall door; you shall take a note for me to the Mayor."

Waife then passed into the bar, and begged the favor of a sheet of note-paper. The landlady seated him at her own desk, and thus wrote the Comedian:

"Mr. Chapman presents his compliments to the Mayor of Gatesboro', and requests the honor of a very short interview. Mr. Chapman's deep interest in the permanent success of those literary institutes which are so distinguished a feature of this enlightened age, and Mr. Mayor's well-known zeal in the promotion of those invaluable societies, must be Mr. Chapman's excuse for the liberty he ventures to take in this request. Mr. C. may add that of late he has earnestly directed his attention to the best means of extracting new uses from those noble but undeveloped institutions.—*Saracen's Head*, etc."

This epistle, duly sealed and addressed, Waife delivered to the care of Mike Callaghan—and simultaneously he astounded that functionary with no less a gratuity than half a crown. Cutting short the fervent blessings which this generous donation naturally called forth, the Comedian said, with his happiest combination of suavity and loftiness, "And should the Mayor ask you what sort of person I am—for I have not the honor to be known to him, and there are so many adventurers about, that he might reasonably expect me to be one—perhaps you can say that I don't look like a person he need be afraid to admit. You know a gentleman by sight! Bring back an answer as soon as may be; perhaps I shan't stay long in the town. You will find me in the High Street, looking at the shops."

The porter took to his legs—impatient to vent his overflowing heart upon the praises of this munificent stranger. A gentleman, indeed—Mike should think so. If Mike's good word with the Mayor was worth money, Gentleman Waife had put his half-crown out upon famous interest.

The Comedian strolled along the High Street, and stopped before a stationer's shop, at the window of which was displayed a bill, entitled,

GATESBORO' ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY INSTITUTE.

LECTURE ON CONCHOLOGY,

By Professor Long,

Author of "Researches into the Natural History of Limpets."

Waife entered the shop, and lifted his hat—"Permit me, Sir, to look at that hand-bill."

"Certainly, Sir; but the lecture is over—you can see by the date; it came off last week. We allow the bills of previous proceedings at our Athenæum to be exposed at the window till the new bills are prepared—keeps the whole thing alive, Sir."

"Conchology," said the Comedian, "is a subject which requires deep research, and on which a learned man may say much without fear of contradiction. But how far is Gatesboro' from the British Ocean?"

"I don't know exactly, Sir—a long way."

"Then, as shells are not familiar to the youthful remembrances of your fellow-townsmen, possibly the lecturer may have found an audience rather select than numerous."

"It was a very attentive audience, Sir—and highly respectable—Miss Grieve's young ladies (the genteelest seminary in the town) attended."

Waife. "Highly creditable to the young ladies. But, pardon me, is your Athenæum a *Mechanics'* Institute?"

Shopman. "It was so called at first. But, somehow or other, the mere operatives fell off, and it was thought advisable to change the word 'Mechanics' into the word 'Literary.' Gatesboro' is not a manufacturing town, and the mechanics here do not realize the expectations of that taste for abstract science on which the originators of these societies founded their—"

Waife (insinuatingly interrupting). "Their calculations of intellectual progress and their tables of pecuniary return. Few of these societies, I am told, are really self-supporting—I suppose Professor Long is!—and if he resides in Gatesboro', and writes on limpets, he is probably a man of independent fortune."

Shopman. "Why, Sir, the Professor was engaged from London—five guineas and his traveling expenses. The funds of the society could ill afford such outlay; but we have a most worthy Mayor, who, assisted by his foreman, Mr. Williams, our treasurer, is, I may say, the life and soul of the institute."

"A literary man himself, your Mayor?"

The shopman smiled. "Not much in that way, Sir; but any thing to enlighten the working classes. This is Professor Long's great work upon limpets, 2 vols. post octavo. The Mayor has just presented it to the library of the Institute. I was cutting the leaves when you came in."

"Very prudent in you, Sir. If limpets were but able to read printed character in the English tongue, this work would have more interest for them than the ablest investigations upon the political and social condition of man. But," added the Comedian, shaking his head mournfully, "the human species is not testaceous—and what the history of man might be to a limpet, the history of limpets is to a man." So saying, Mr. Waife bought a sheet of card-board and some gilt-foil, relifted his hat, and walked out.

The shopman scratched his head thoughtfully; he glanced from his window at the form of the receding stranger, and mechanically resumed the task of cutting those leaves, which, had the volumes reached the shelves of the library uncut, would have so remained to the crack of doom.

Mike Callaghan now came in sight, striding fast. "Mr. Mayor sends his love—bother-o'-me—his respex; and will be happy to see your honor."

In three minutes more the Comedian was seated in a little parlor that adjoined Mr. Hartopp's counting-house—Mr. Hartopp seated also, *vis-à-vis*. The Mayor had one of those countenances upon which good-nature throws a sunshine softer than Claude ever shed upon canvas. Josiah Hartopp had risen in life by little other art than that of quiet kindliness. As a boy at school, he had been ever ready to do a good turn to his school-fellows; and his school-fellows at last formed themselves into a kind of police, for the purpose of protecting Jos. Hartopp's pence and person from the fists and fingers of each other. He was evidently so anxious to please his master, not from fear of the rod, but the desire to spare that worthy man the pain of inflicting it, that he had more trouble taken with his education than was bestowed on the brightest intellect that school ever reared; and where other boys were roughly flogged, Jos. Hartopp was soothingly patted on the head, and told not to be cast down, but try again. The same even-handed justice returned the sugared chalice to his lips in his apprenticeship to an austere leather-seller, who, not bearing the thought to lose sight of so mild a face, raised him into partnership, and ultimately made him his son-in-law and residuary legatee. Then Mr. Hartopp yielded to the advice of friends who desired his exaltation, and from a leather-seller became a tanner. Hides themselves softened their asperity to that gentle dealer, and melted into golden fleeces. He became rich enough to hire a farm for health and recreation. He knew little of husbandry, but he won the heart of a bailiff who might have reared a turnip from a deal table. Gradually the farm became his fee-simple, and the farm-house expanded into a villa. Wealth and honors flowed in from a brimmed horn. The surliest man in the town would have been ashamed of saying a rude thing to Jos. Hartopp. If he spoke in public, though he hummed and hawed lamentably, no one was so respectfully listened to. As for the parliamentary representation of the town he could have returned himself for one seat and Mike Callaghan for the other, had he been so disposed. But he was too full of the milk of humanity to admit into his veins a drop from the gall of party. He suffered others to legislate for his native land, and (except on one occasion, when he had been persuaded to assist in canvassing not indeed the electors of Gatesboro' but those of a distant town in which he possessed some influence, on behalf of a certain eminent orator), Jos. Hartopp was only visible in politics whenever Parliament was to be petitioned in favor of some humane measure, or against a tax that would have harassed the poor.

If any thing went wrong with him in his business, the whole town combined to set it right for him. Was a child born to him, Gatesboro' rejoiced as a mother. Did measles or scarlatina afflict his neighborhood, the first anxiety of Gatesboro' was for Mr. Hartopp's nursery. No one would have said Mrs. Hartopp's nursery; and when in such a department the man's name supersedes the woman's, can more be said in proof of the tenderness he excites? In short, Jos. Hartopp was a notable instance of a truth not commonly recognized, viz., that affection is power, and that, if you do make it thoroughly and unequivocally clear that you love your neighbors, though it may not be quite so well as you love yourself—still, cordially and disinterestedly, you will find your neighbors much better fellows than Mrs. Grundy gives them credit for—but always provided that your talents be not such as to excite their envy, nor your opinions such as to offend their prejudices.

Mr. Hartopp. "You take an interest, you say, in literary institutes, and have studied the subject?"

The Comedian. "Of late, those institutes have occupied my thoughts as presenting the readiest means of collecting liberal ideas into a profitable focus."

Mr. Hartopp. "Certainly it is a great thing to bring classes together in friendly union."

The Comedian. "For laudable objects."

Mr. Hartopp. "To cultivate their understandings."

The Comedian. "To warm their hearts."

Mr. Hartopp. "To give them useful knowledge."

The Comedian. "And pleasurable sensations."

Mr. Hartopp. "In a word, to instruct them."

The Comedian. "And to amuse."

"Eh!" said the Mayor—"amuse!"

Now, every one about the person of this amiable man was on the constant guard to save him from the injurious effects of his own benevolence; and accordingly his foreman, hearing that he was closeted with a stranger, took alarm, and entered on pretense of asking instructions about an order for hides—in reality, to glower upon the intruder, and keep his master's hands out of imprudent pockets.

Mr. Hartopp, who, though not brilliant, did not want for sense, and was a keener observer than was generally supposed, divined the kindly intentions of his assistant. "A gentleman interested in the Gatesboro' Athenæum. My foreman, Sir—Mr. Williams, the treasurer of our Institute. Take a chair, Williams."

"You said to amuse, Mr. Chapman, but—"

"You did not find Professor Long on conchology amusing?"

"Why," said the Mayor, smiling blandly, "I myself am not a man of science, and therefore his lecture, though profound, was a little dry to me."

"Must it not have been still more dry to your workmen, Mr. Mayor?"

"They did not attend," said Williams. "Uphill task we have to secure the Gatesboro' mechanics, when any thing really solid is to be addressed to their understandings."

"Poor things, they are so tired at night," said the Mayor, compassionately; "but they wish to improve themselves, and they take books from the library."

"Novels," quoth the stern Williams—"it will be long before they take out that valuable 'History of Limpets.'"

"If a lecture was as amusing as a novel, would not they attend it?" asked the Comedian.

"I suppose they would," returned Mr. Williams. "But our object is to instruct; and instruction, Sir—"

"Could be made amusing. If, for instance, the lecturer could produce a live shell-fish, and by showing what kindness can do toward developing intellect and affection in beings without soul, make man himself more kind to his fellow-man?"

Mr. Williams laughed grimly. "Well, Sir."

"This is what I should propose to do."

"With a shell-fish!" cried the Mayor.

"No, Sir; with a creature of nobler attributes—A dog!"

The listeners stared at each other like dumb animals as Waife continued—

"By winning interest for the individuality of a gifted quadruped, I should gradually create interest in the natural history of its species. I should lead the audience on to listen to comparisons with other members of the great family which once associated with Adam. I should lay the foundation for an instructive course of natural history, and from vertebrated mammifers who knows but we might gradually arrive at the nervous system of the molluscous division, and produce a sensation by the production of a limpet!"

"Theoretical," said Mr. Williams.

"Practical, Sir; since I take it for granted that the Athenæum, at present, is rather a tax upon the richer subscribers, including Mr. Mayor."

"Nothing to speak of," said the mild Hartopp. Williams looked toward his master with unspeakable love, and groaned. "Nothing indeed—oh!"

"These societies should be wholly self-supporting," said the Comedian, "and inflict no pecuniary loss upon Mr. Mayor."

"Certainly," said Williams, "that is the right principle. Mr. Mayor should be protected."

"And if I show you how to make these societies self-supporting—"

"We should be very much obliged to you."

"I propose, then, to give an exhibition at your rooms."

Mr. Williams nudged the Mayor, and coughed, the Comedian not appearing to remark cough or nudge.

"Of course gratuitously. I am not a professional lecturer, gentlemen."

Mr. Williams looked charmed to hear it.

"And when I have made my first effort successful, as I feel sure it will be, I will leave it to you, gentlemen, to continue my undertaking. But I can not stay long here. If the day after to-morrow—"

"That is our ordinary *soirée* night," said the Mayor. "But you said a dog, Sir—dogs not admitted—Eh, Williams?"

Mr. Williams. "A mere by-law, which the sub-committee can suspend if necessary. But would not the introduction of a live animal be less dignified than—"

"A dead failure," put in the Comedian, gravely. The Mayor would have smiled, but he was afraid of doing so lest it might hurt the feelings of Mr. Williams, who did not seem to take the joke.

"We are a purely intellectual body," said that latter gentleman, "and a dog—"

"A learned dog I presume?" observed the Mayor.

Mr. Williams (nodding). "Might form a dangerous precedent for the introduction of other quadrupeds. We might thus descend even to the level of a learned pig. We are not a menagerie, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Chapman," said the Mayor, urbanely.

"Enough," said the Comedian, rising, with his grand air: "if I considered myself at liberty, gentlemen, to say who and what I am, you would be sure that I am not trifling with what *I* consider a very grave and important subject. As to suggesting any thing derogatory to the dignity of science, and the eminent repute of the Gatesboro' Athenæum, it would be idle to vindicate myself. These gray hairs are—"

He did not conclude that sentence, save by a slight wave of the hand. The two burgesses bowed reverentially, and the Comedian went on:

"But when you speak of precedent, Mr. Williams, allow me to refer you to precedents in point. Aristotle wrote to Alexander the Great for animals to exhibit to the Literary Institute of Athens. At the colleges in Egypt lectures were delivered on a dog called Anubis, as inferior, I boldly assert, to that dog which I have referred to, as an Egyptian College to a British Institute. The ancient Etrurians, as is shown by the erudite Schweighæuser, in that passage—you understand Greek, I presume, Mr. Williams?"

Mr. Williams could not say he did.

The Comedian. "Then I will not quote that passage in Schweighæuser upon the Molossian dogs in general, and the dog of Alcibiades in particular. But it proves beyond a doubt that, in every ancient literary institute, learned dogs were highly estimated; and there was even a philosophical academy called the Cynic—that is, Doggish, or Dog-school, of which Diogenes was the most eminent professor. He, you know, went about with a lantern looking for an honest man, and could not find one! Why? Because the Society of Dogs had raised his standard of human honesty to an impracticable height. But I weary you; otherwise I could lecture on in this way for the hour together, if you think the Gatesboro' operatives prefer erudition to amusement."

"A great scholar," whispered Mr. Williams aloud. "And I've nothing to say against your precedents, Sir. I think you have made out that part of the case. But, after all, a learned dog is not so very uncommon as to be in itself the striking attraction which you appear to suppose."

"It is not the mere learning of my dog of which I boast," replied the Comedian. "Dogs may be learned, and men too; but it is the way that learning is imparted, whether by dog or man, for the edification of the masses, in order, as Pope expresses himself, 'to raise the genius and to mend the heart,' that alone adorns the possessor, exalts the species, interests the public, and commands the respect of such judges as I see before me." The grand bow.

"Ah!" said Mr. Williams, hesitatingly, "sentiments that do honor to your head and heart; and if we could, in the first instance, just see the dog privately."

"Nothing easier!" said the Comedian. "Will you do me the honor to meet him at tea this evening?"

"Rather will you not come and take tea at my house?" said the Mayor, with a shy glance toward Mr. Williams.

The Comedian. "You are very kind; but my time is so occupied that I have long since made it a rule to decline all private invitations out of my own home. At my years, Mr. Mayor, one may be excused for taking leave of society and its forms; but you are comparatively young men. I presume on the authority of these gray hairs, and I shall expect you this evening—say at nine o'clock." The Actor waved his hand graciously and withdrew.

"A scholar and a gentleman," said Williams, emphatically. And the Mayor, thus authorized to allow vent to his kindly heart, added, "A humorist, and a pleasant one. Perhaps he is right, and our poor operatives would thank us more for a little innocent amusement than for those lectures, which they may be excused for thinking rather dull, since even you fell asleep when

Professor Long got into the multilocular shell of the very first class of cephalous mollusca; and it is my belief that harmless laughter has a moral effect upon the working class—only don't spread it about that I said so, for we know excellent persons of a serious turn of mind, whose opinions that sentiment might shock."

A FRENCH MURDER STORY.

One of the most remarkable trials for murder on record took place in Paris in the year 18—.

On the 29th day of May of that year, two young men arrived by a public conveyance at St. Cloud, and stopped at the hotel of the Tête-Noire. They had left home without mentioning their destination. About nine o'clock in the evening they took possession of a room with two beds in it. One of them paid five francs in advance for their lodging.

During the entire day of Tuesday, the 30th, the two young men were out walking together, only returning to the inn to dine, and going out again immediately afterward. It was again nine o'clock in the evening when they retired.

Before going up stairs one of them asked for a pint of hot wine, adding that it was not necessary to sweeten it, as they had brought their own sugar with them. The wine was brought up a little past nine. It was sweetened, and the juice of several lemons, bought at Saint Cloud, squeezed into it. It was the same person who had paid the five francs in advance for the room who ordered the dinner, who directed that the wine should not be sweetened down stairs, and who put the sugar and lemon-juice into it.

One of the two appeared to be a physician; for hearing that one of the servants of the house was ill, he went to him and felt his pulse. However, he left no prescription; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence returned to his friend's room.

His friend had found the wine so bad that he had only taken about a spoonful of it. He had particularly remarked its very bitter taste.

At this moment the chambermaid came into the apartment.

"I must have put too much lemon into this wine," said the young man, "for it is so bitter that it is impossible to drink it."

The servant-girl tasted it, but immediately spat out what she had taken into her mouth, saying,

"It is, indeed, terribly bitter!"

Thereupon she withdrew.

The two friends then went to bed. During the whole night the young man who had tasted the wine was disturbed by nervous spasms, which prevented him from sleeping. He several times complained to his companion that he could not lie quiet. About two o'clock he was seized with severe abdominal pains; and about half-past three o'clock—it being already daylight—he declared that he did not think that he should be able to rise; that his feet were so swollen that it would be impossible for him to put on his boots.

The other young man shortly afterward went out, saying that he was going to take a turn in the park, and advising his friend to try to get some sleep during his absence. But instead of going to the park, he (it was the one of the two whose visit to the sick servant had made him pass for a physician) took a carriage, returned to Paris, procured from M. Robin, an apothecary, twelve grains, and from M. Chevalier, another apothecary, a still larger quantity of acetate of morphine. At both shops he represented himself as a physician. At eight o'clock—that is, after four hours' absence—he returned to the hotel of the Tête-Noire, and asked for some cold milk for his friend.

The young man felt no better. He took the cup of milk prepared by the young physician, and almost immediately afterward a frightful attack of vomiting came on. This was succeeded by a repetition of the abdominal pains.

Singularly enough, in spite of this aggravation of the suffering, the doctor again went out, leaving the sick man alone, without ordering any prescription, and without appearing to share the alarm of the people of the house. During his absence the mistress of the hotel, with one of her servants, went to the room, and endeavored to do something for the relief of the sufferer. His pain was terrible.

After about half an hour the young doctor returned. He found his friend in an alarming condition and anxious that a physician should be immediately called in from Saint Cloud. The other opposed this, wishing to send for one to Paris, but his companion declared that he felt so ill that he could not wait. A servant was accordingly dispatched for the medical gentleman whose residence was the nearest to the inn. He was not at home, and only made his appearance at eleven o'clock in the morning. His name was Pigache.

The patient happened to be just then a little easier. M. Pigache asked to see the evacuations, but he was told that they had been thrown out. He ordered some external applications, but they were not made use of. An hour afterward he returned, and prescribed a composing draught. It was the young physician himself who administered it to the patient. The effect was prompt and terrible: five minutes after taking it the sick man was seized with the most violent spasms. During these convulsions he became insensible, and continued so until his death.

About ten o'clock in the evening the young physician, in great apparent distress, told a servant that his friend would not live through the night. The servant ran at once for M. Pigache, who determined to make the dying man a last visit, although he knew that the case was hopeless.

He found the unfortunate young man lying upon his back, his neck stiffened, his head uncovered, and breathing with the greatest difficulty. Consciousness and sensation had both left him; his pulse was small, his skin burning; his limbs were contracted, his mouth closed, his abdomen tense; his whole body was bathed in a cold perspiration, and was covered with bluish spots. M. Pigache decided that it was best without delay to take as much blood as possible from his patient. He accordingly both applied leeches and made use of the lancet. A little improvement seemed to be the result. M. Pigache called the attention of his young colleague to this improvement, saying that the case was a desperate one, but that, nevertheless, the good done by the bleeding was so perceptible, that he proposed to repeat it. But this proposition was warmly opposed by the young physician, who said that the responsibility was very great, and that if ill resulted from another bleeding, all the responsibility of it would fall upon M. Pigache. This gentleman then peremptorily required that another physician should be sent for from Paris. There was no difficulty in doing this.

During the same day the young physician had written a letter in the following words:

> "M. Ballet being indisposed at Saint Cloud, Jean will come here at once with the gig and the gray horse. He and Madame Buvet will mention this to no one. To whoever inquires upon the subject, answer must be made that he has gone to the country, by the express orders of M. Ballet."

Jean, who was a negro servant, had arrived with the gig and the gray horse. Notwithstanding this facility of communication, the young physician insisted that it was too late at night to send to Paris for a physician. Consequently they waited until three o'clock, and then Jean started with two letters from M. Pigache for two physicians who were his friends. M. Pigache withdrew, and said to the young doctor who accompanied him:

"Sir, I think there is no time to be lost in notifying the curate of Saint Cloud. Your friend is a Catholic, and I think him so ill that the sacrament should be administered without delay."

The young man admitted the propriety of the suggestion, and going himself to the curate's, returned with him and the sacristan. The curate found the dying man in the same condition—that is, in a state of unconsciousness.

"What is the matter with your unfortunate friend, Sir?" asked the priest.

"A brain fever," answered the young man.

Then, as the curate was preparing to administer extreme unction to the dying gentleman, the doctor fell upon his knees, and remained in this position with clasped hands, and praying God with such emotion that the sacristan could not avoid saying, as both were retiring, "That is a very pious young man."

Immediately after the curate withdrew the young man went out and remained away nearly two hours. About six o'clock one of the two physicians who had been sent for arrived from Paris. His name was Pelletan. M. Pigache, informed of his arrival, joined him at the bedside of the sufferer. But after a rapid examination they both agreed that there was nothing to be done. They nevertheless tried some remedies, but without any success. During this time the young doctor appeared to be overwhelmed with grief. This grief manifested itself in tears and sobs. These demonstrations of despair attracted M. Pigache's attention the more from the fact that, during his conversation with him, the young doctor had said to him:

"The most painful thing for me in all this is that I am the legatee of my unfortunate friend."

Consequently M. Pelletan, addressing the young man, who was weeping, said:

"Have you reflected, Sir, upon the dangers of your position?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"You came with your friend to spend a couple of days at Saint Cloud; you are a physician; you are in some way or other his legatee."

"Yes, Sir, I am his residuary legatee."

"Well, the man who has willed you all his fortune is dying; the symptoms of his disease are very remarkable; and if he dies, as he assuredly will, your position will be a frightful one."

"How!" exclaimed the young man. "Do you believe that I shall be suspected?"

"I believe, at least," answered M. Pelletan, "that every possible effort will be made to ascertain the cause of his death. As far as M. Pigache and myself are concerned, we shall insist that a judicial autopsy shall be made."

"Oh, Sir," exclaimed the young man, "this will be the greatest service that you can render me. I beg that you will insist that this be done; you could not do me a greater favor."

"Very well, Sir," answered Doctor Pelletan, remarking that he was very much agitated. "Do not worry yourself. The thing shall not only be done, but done with the greatest possible care."

Between twelve and one o'clock, some thirty or forty minutes after this conversation, the sick man expired.

The reader has already become acquainted with the two principal actors in this drama, from the designation of the place where it was enacted, and the details of the sufferings of the victim. The dead man was Claude-Auguste Ballet, lawyer, aged twenty-five years, the son of a rich notary of Paris. His friend was Ediné-Samuel Castaing, physician, aged twenty-seven, born at Alençon, residing at Paris, No. 35 Rue d'Enfer. His father, in every respect an honorable man, was Inspector-General of the Forests, and Knight of the Legion of Honor.

An hour after the death of Auguste Ballet, M. Martignon, his brother-in-law, informed by a letter from Castaing that Auguste Ballet would not live through the day, arrived at Saint Cloud.

While they were proceeding at the inn in searching for all objects which might throw any light upon the cause of the catastrophe, Castaing, still at liberty, absented himself for nearly two hours. How did he employ the interval? It was never known. He stated that he went for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne for the purpose of taking the air.

The next morning at ten o'clock M. Pelletan returned for the purpose of making the post-mortem examination. He had left Castaing in full liberty; he found him in the custody of the gendarmes. He appeared very uneasy about the result of the examination. Besides, he seemed convinced that if no traces of poison were found in the body he would be immediately released from custody.

The autopsy took place. A very minute *procès-verbal* was made out; but nowhere—neither on the tongue, nor stomach, nor in the intestines—could any poisonous substance be detected. As is well known, acetate of morphine, like strychnine, leaves no other trace than is left by a congestion of the brain or an attack of apoplexy. This is the reason why Castaing, who was perfectly familiar with this fact, had answered the curate when he asked him:

"What is the matter with your friend?"

"An attack of brain fever."

As there had resulted from the examination no material proof against the prisoner, M. Pelletan asked the public prosecutor if he had any objection to Castaing's being informed of this result.

"No," answered the public prosecutor; "only make the communication in a general way, so that he shall draw no inferences from it favorable or unfavorable to himself."

"Well!" he asked eagerly, "have you got through, and am I to be released?"

"I can not tell," answered M. Pelletan, "if you are to be released or not; but the truth is that we have found no indication of a violent death in the body of Auguste Ballet."

Notwithstanding this momentary absence of material proofs, Castaing was kept in custody. The preliminary examination commenced, it lasted from June until the end of September.

At last, on the 10th November, the trial commenced. The affair had already created a great excitement, so that the court-room was crowded with so many beautiful women and elegant men that it looked like a theatre on a first night. The prisoner was brought in. He was a handsome young man of eight-and-twenty, neatly but not elegantly dressed, with a mild expression of countenance, although there was something about his eye which did not altogether inspire confidence.

Alas! in the course of the preliminary examination terrible discoveries had been made. The death of Auguste Ballet had attracted the attention of the public authorities to that unfortunate family. Since Castaing's introduction to the house, at intervals of five months, the father, the mother, and the uncle had successively died, leaving the two brothers, Hippolyte and Auguste, a very handsome fortune, and at last Hippolyte, who, in his turn, died in Castaing's arms, without his brother Auguste or his sister Madame Martignon being permitted to see him. All these successive deaths concentrated the greater part of the fortune of the family upon Auguste Ballet. The 1st December, 18—, Auguste Ballet, then aged four-and-twenty, strong and in good health, made, without any apparent motive, a will in which he named Castaing his residuary legatee, after giving a few presents of trifling value to two friends and three servants. Auguste Ballet died, in turn, the 1st June, seven months after his brother.

We will now state what had been ascertained upon those two points which are in similar cases the object of the investigations of the authorities—that is, the intellectual and physical life of Castaing.

As to his intellectual life, Castaing was a great worker, full of ambition, mad with the desire of becoming rich. His mother—if a letter found in his possession is to be credited—believed him to be a perfect wretch. His father reproached him for his licentious life and the unhappiness which he occasioned both him and his mother. Notwithstanding all this, he labored perseveringly, passed his examination, and was admitted to practice. He particularly devoted his attention to anatomy, botany, and chemistry, most especially to the latter. His study-books were full of remarks, extracts, and erasures; they proved the eagerness of his various investigations and profound study upon the subject of poisons, the different species, their effects, the traces of their presence which some leave in different parts of the body, while others, equally mortal and more perfidious, kill without leaving any indication to the eye of the most learned and most skillful anatomist. These poisons are all vegetable poisons—strychnine, morphine, and brucine.

The 18th September, 18—, seventeen days before the death of Hippolyte Ballet, Castaing bought ten grains of acetate of morphine. Twelve days afterward, Hippolyte, who was suffering from a pulmonary affection which had not yet reached a crisis, was attacked by a distinct disease, and died, as we have stated, after five days' illness, without his sister or brother having had access to him. He died in Castaing's arms. Immediately afterward Castaing's circumstances underwent a change. Up to that time he had been very much embarrassed. He now lent his mother six thousand dollars, and deposited fourteen thousand more with a banker, under an assumed name. This came from a pretended will of Hippolyte Ballet, a matter which was never entirely cleared up even on the trial, and in which Auguste Ballet was supposed to be the accomplice of Castaing. Hence originated Castaing's influence over Auguste, hence the will in favor of the former, hence that intimacy which became so great that these two men were never seen apart—matters which are easily explained the moment we substitute in the place of the pure and simple tie of ordinary friendship the indestructible chain of mutual guilt.

We will now speak of his physical life. Castaing was not rich. He lived upon a small allowance from his mother. His profession hardly brought him a hundred dollars a year. He had a mistress, herself very poor, a widow with three children; he himself had, besides, two by her. There was consequently a family of six persons dependent upon the young physician, as yet without practice. He was very fond of this family, particularly of his children; letters were produced which proved the ardent paternal love which existed in his heart, consumed, more for others than for himself, by that thirst of ambition and of riches which was to conduct him to the scaffold.

We have seen how Castaing's circumstances suddenly improved; how he lent six thousand dollars to his mother, and deposited fourteen thousand more with a banker in an assumed name. We have besides seen how, on the 30th May, he arrived at Saint Cloud with Auguste Ballet, and how on the 1st June Auguste Ballet expired, leaving him his residuary legatee. The evening before, during an absence the pretext for which was a walk, Castaing went to Paris. He bought from one apothecary twelve grains, and from another a still larger quantity of acetate of morphine, that same vegetable poison which leaves no traces of its presence, and of which he had bought ten grains seventeen days before the death of Hippolyte Ballet.

This is an abstract of the indictment against Castaing, which contained fifteen counts relative to the poisoning of Hippolyte Ballet, thirty-four relative to the will, and seventy-six relative to the poisoning of Auguste Ballet.

There are many living who still recollect the different phases of this long and terrible trial, the constant denials of the prisoner, and his manner of receiving the sentence of death, based upon a simple majority of one vote—that is, of seven against five. The prisoner, standing up uncovered, listened to the sentence with a cold resignation, clasped his hands without speaking a word, and raised them and his eyes toward heaven.

"Have you any thing to say?" asked the presiding judge.

Castaing mournfully shook his head. "No, Sir," he said, in a low, but distinct voice. "No; I have nothing to say against the execution of the sentence which you have pronounced against me. I shall know how to meet death, although it is very unfortunate to die, sent to the tomb by circumstances as fatal as those in which I am placed. I am accused of having basely assassinated my two friends, and I am innocent. Yes, I am innocent! But there is a Providence; there is something immortal in me which will again meet you, Auguste and Hippolyte! Yes, my friends" (here the prisoner raised his two arms to heaven)—"Yes, my friends, yes, we shall meet again; and I consider it a happiness that I am sent to you now, since this foul accusation has been made against me! Nothing human affects me now. I do not implore the clemency of my sovereign. I will mount the scaffold with courage; the idea of meeting you again will sustain me, my friends! It will rejoice my heart the very moment when I shall feel—alas!" continued the prisoner, raising his hand to his throat, "it is easier to feel what I feel than to express what I dare not utter!"

He then added in a lower voice,

"You have desired my death, gentlemen; I am ready to die."

He then turned toward Roussel, who had defended him, and said,

"Compose yourself, Roussel; turn and look at me. You have believed me to be innocent, and you have defended me, so believing. Well! I am innocent; embrace for me my father, my brothers, my mother, and my sister."

And then, in the same breath, he turned to the excited audience and said,

"And you, young men, who have been present at my trial—you, my contemporaries, my friends, be present at my execution. You will find me animated by the same courage; and if my blood is considered necessary to society I shall feel it flow without regret."

Why have I related this terrible trial in all its details? Was it to awake a gloomy echo of the past among those members of those two unfortunate families who may still be living? No. I have done so because I was present at this living tragedy; because I was among the number of those young men whom the condemned man in a moment of excitement, perhaps of delirium, invited to his execution; because, as I looked at this man, so full of youth, of life, and of science, condemned to a felon's death, and who in so melancholy a voice and such touching tones sent a farewell to his father, his mother, his brother, his sister, society, the universe, I could not help saying to myself with an indescribable tightness at my heart, "Oh! my God! my God! if this man should be innocent!"

And then, in the presence of the tribunal which had just condemned a man to death, I made a vow, in whatever position I might ever be placed, never to recognize the right of society to delegate to me the disposition of the life of a man living, feeling, and suffering like myself.

I did not attend the execution: I had not the heart to go.

The 6th December, at half past six o'clock in the morning, Castaing was taken from Bicêtre to the Conciergerie. A moment afterward, an officer came in and told him that his application for a new trial had been denied. At the same moment entered the Abbé Montès. Then Castaing fell upon his knees and prayed; he prayed long and fervently. During all the time that he remained in the vestibule of the Conciergerie, while he was being prepared for execution, he did not speak a single word.

As he got into the cart and cast his eyes upon the immense crowd which was waiting for him, his cheeks suddenly became crimson and then turned ashy pale. When he reached the foot of the scaffold he raised his head, which all the way there had hung upon his breast; then, after one more glance at the crowd, he dropped upon his knees at the foot of the ladder, and after kissing the crucifix, and the holy man who offered it to him, he ascended to the scaffold, supported by the executioner's two assistants. While he was being bound he twice raised his eyes to heaven, and at a quarter past two his head fell.

Castaing had asked permission to see his father, to receive his blessing *in extremis*. This favor was refused him. He then begged for this blessing in a letter. It was sent to him, but the paper was passed through vinegar before he was permitted to receive it.

They were afraid lest the paternal blessing should be made the medium of conveying some subtile poison, by the aid of which Castaing might find means of avoiding his debt to the scaffold.

At half past two all was over, and the crowd dispersed.

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks on her easy-chair,
She is dressed in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks;
And though she talks but little,
It's vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russets—
All dirty and seedy at that;
His coat is out at the elbows,
And he wears a shocking bad hat.
He is hoarding and saving his dollars,
So carefully, day by day,
While she on her whims and fancies
Is squandering them all away.

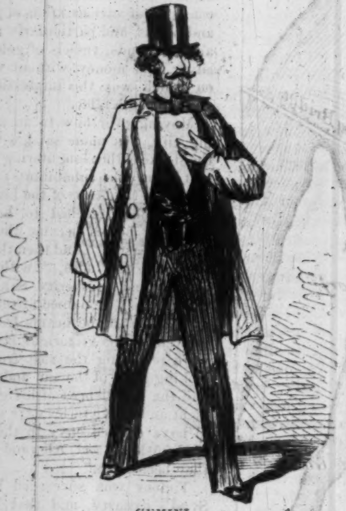
She lies in bed of a morning
Until the hour of noon,
Then comes down, snapping and snarling
Because she's called too soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still dabbered with paint—
Remains of last night's blushes
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet so very little,
Her hands so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics—
Though *this* she'll never own;
Her body is mostly cotton,
And her heart is wholly stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair.
One of the very best matches;
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

SIGHTS IN BROADWAY.

That miserable portion of the human race which, for some unexpiated sin, is doomed to live out of



GEMINI.

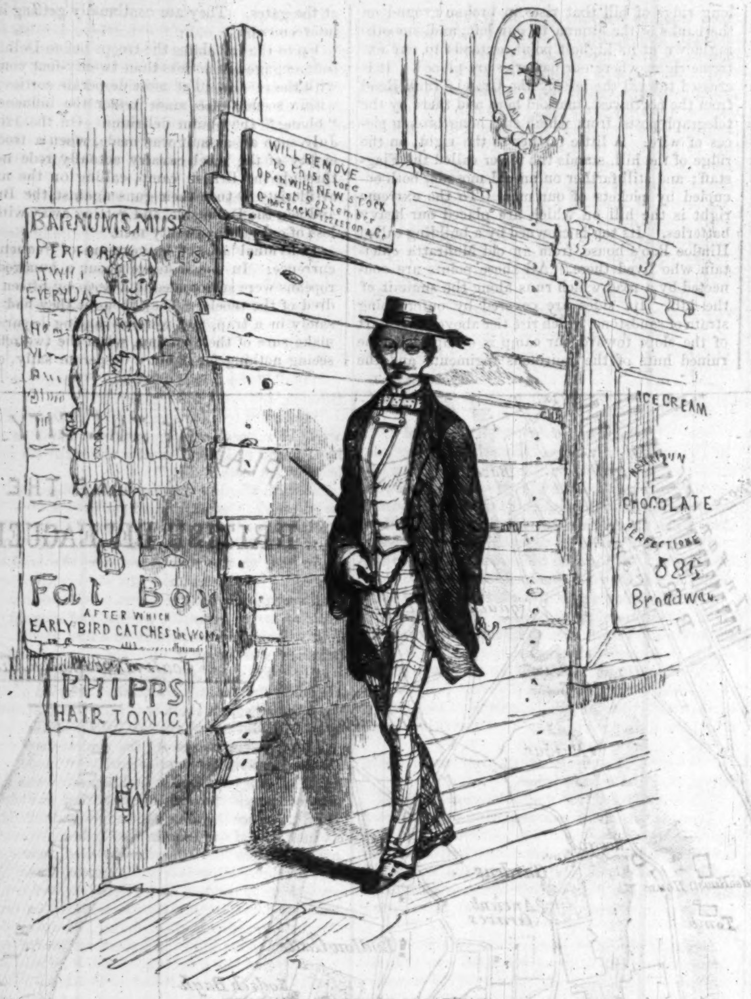
New York, enjoys my profoundest sympathy and commiseration. When Louis Quatorze, having detected the Duc de Brieux in two murders, one seduction, and half a dozen enormous misdemeanors, summoned him to his cabinet, and, with his sternest frown, sentenced him to exile for five years from the cities of Paris and Versailles, the chivalrous young Duke replied, in a tone in which manly fortitude was happily blended with respect:

"Sire, shoot me, if you will; but let me see Paris till I die!"

I appreciate the feelings of the ardent but misguided youth. Death can be measured and mastered, but exile from the Avenue and Broadway is one of those afflictions which the ordinary human soul is incapable of grasping.

The low, contemptible, and ridiculous sheets which are known as daily newspapers expended their energies this spring in endeavoring to prove that Saratoga and Newport were fallacies, and that people really only purchased discomfort there for their money. Simple souls! Had the editors of these journals possessed access to the society in which *we* move, they would have learned the true philosophy of fashionable watering-places. We go to Saratoga and Newport, we endure the protracted agony of narrow accommodation, inefficient service, unwholesome food, mosquitoes, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and monstrous bills, not—as these credulous editors seem to fancy—because we relish such tortures, but in order to appreciate the genuine delight of residing in New York afterward. They give an edge to the pleasure with which we re-enter upon our house in the Avenue, and pace down Broadway at a convenient hour in the afternoon. Were the watering-places to become convenient, pleasant, and satisfactory, we should desert them at once.

I am told that there are people in New York who get up at seven, gulp a hasty breakfast, hurry down town, and return late in the evening. I have never known an individual of this species. But my friend De Courty, an eminently trustworthy fellow, assures me that at least two such persons are known to him, and that he has at times, from love



FIRST APPEARANCE IN BROADWAY.

of science (he is great on natural history, and has written a good deal on the habits of chimpanzees, for which creatures he has an astonishing affection), watched them, has actually got out of bed to see them depart before eight in the morning, and has met them returning home—as he supposes—when he was on his way to the club at half past five or six. I suppose that such excessively laborious avocations must be immensely profitable. *Entre nous*, I have a suspicion that my worthy father may have distinguished himself in this manner when he was making the fortune it devolves upon me to expend in a suitable style. But I declare, in justice to his memory, that I have no knowledge of the fact.

In our set, we get up at noon. Beverly Brown has attempted to introduce the hour of eleven, as a novelty, and my friend Beefandpork, who is decidedly a leader of ton—he is worth fifty thousand a year—does not pass into the hands of his valet till one. But it is well to avoid these extremes. A man so particularly aristocratic as Beefandpork may do as he pleases; but the rest of us find twelve a very good hour for rising. Breakfast at one; cigars, papers—one must read the low things, to find out what the mobocracy say of us—till half past two; dressing till three; and then we show ourselves.

There is a little thing who lives near me—her father is a clergyman, poor fellow! he preaches in a church somewhere, and makes a good thing of it, they say—she has seen me, and some one has put foolish notions into her head about me. She sits in the window to watch for me going out; I can see her looking for me when I come home; and very often, when I have returned late at night from a ball, I have detected her figure at her bedroom window, gazing in the direction of my room. The other evening I met her—at the Smiths'. Mrs. Smith asked me, as a particular favor, to dance with her. I couldn't refuse. I never dance, as a rule; but I said something about "next redowa."

"Oh! I—I—I'm afraid I'm engaged," said she, in a great flutter. "But—stop—" (as though I was going to run away) "no—no—it's the next. I shall have great pleasure!"

She blushed in a very fresh and pleasing manner, and told young Toodlewags—to whom she had engaged herself—some easy fable to excuse herself, which sent off that young gentleman in a white heat to the refreshment-room.

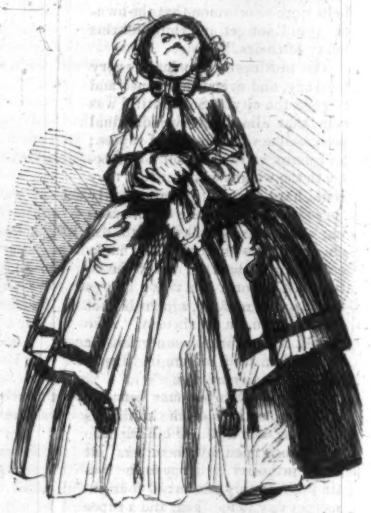
I realized the danger of my position, and tried hard to satisfy the young lady that I was past follies. I talked nonsense; she evidently took it for wit. I talked profanely; she intimated that she was half a freethinker—the little monster! I held my tongue; she did the talking, and enjoyed it. I chose a horribly inconvenient place after the dance; she declared it was the best in the room. I assure you the perspiration stood on my forehead when I left her; I believe she would have espoused me then and there, if I had been another half hour with her.

Ever since then she waylays me in my walks. No stratagem, no artifice can defeat her. She hires a fellow, I believe, to watch me. Go where I will, she pounces upon me. The other day I noticed her pass the door of the Great Barn Hotel. There were, as usual, a number of blacklegs and other scamps on the steps, staring indecently at the ladies as they passed. I noticed her cheek blush, and her lips straiten in anger. Now, methought, I have my remedy.

My friend Gemini is a man of first-rate parts and uncommonly gentlemanly manners. He is in very good society. How he got there, I do not know; nor can I conceive how he pays for his lodging or the suppers he occasionally gives us. For he is in our set, does no work of any kind, and comes of a family which is no doubt highly respectable, but which, I know, does not give him a red. Now Gemini, polished as are his manners, betrays himself in every sentence and every action as the genuine *chevalier*. Whatever he may be in reality, he looks every inch a blackleg. No woman I ever knew could endure him.

So I went to Gemini and professed great attachment. He instantly borrowed fifty, as I expected. I took it out in walking with him. I make him call for me at my hour, and march him down Broadway and up to the club. He waits for me outside when I make calls. He never complains of my staying long. When I am over an hour he happens to want twenty-five; but is happy when I hand him the money. And, to do him justice, he has answered my purpose. He stares so insolently at every woman he meets that since I have had his escort my innocent little friend contents herself with a distant bow. She looks savagely—as savagely as that simple little face can—at poor Gemini; but she never speaks.

Once the rascal made a coarse remark about her. I don't use strong language as a rule—it's too heating—but I confess I couldn't stand that. I fear I swore at him. At all events, at a later hour in the evening, he shed tears, and told me I had hurt his



MARGARET.

feelings; so I had to give him fifty, and tell him he mustn't mind it. On which he brightened up, and said,

"Oh, Charles! if *you* are not my friend—"

I couldn't stand this either; so I left him—to conceal my emotion.

The finest woman in Broadway, in my opinion, is my sister's late maid. She married a man who, at the time of the marriage, kept a corner grocery, and became rich by selling adulterated liquor. Strange anomaly; he drank his own brandy, and, of course, reduced himself to a state of brutishness. Margaret—that is the maid's name—gives him as much brandy as he wants, and takes charge of his fortune. I have compared that woman with Mrs. Vanderbunkum—whom I suppose to be, in respect of family, position, education, and means, really in the very first circle: a lady, beautiful, refined, and accomplished—and, on my life, Margaret carries off the palm.

The other day Margaret and Mrs. Vanderbunkum met at a fashionable store in Broadway. Both had their carriages. Mrs. V. did not get out, but sent her page in to say that Mrs. Vanderbunkum desired "more of those diamonds." Margaret at that moment entered the store. Mrs. V., being impatient, could not wait for a reply, but alighted and hastened to the counter. Margaret was actually looking at the very diamonds. Mrs. V. imperiously repeated her message.

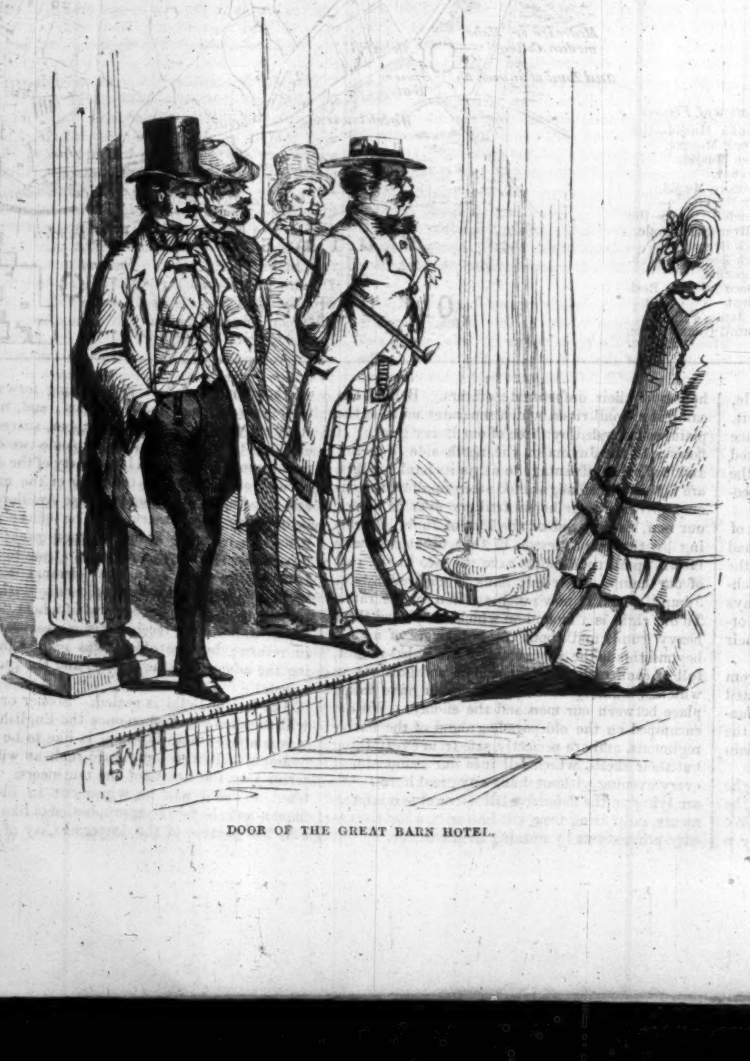
"Pardon me, Madam," said the obsequious clerk, "as soon as Mrs. Vanderbunkum has made her choice you shall have the case."

"But I am Mrs. Vanderbunkum."

The clerk glanced nervously first at one then at the other of the two ladies. Margaret, who had looked up angrily at first, now smiled with a knowing yet pitying expression.

"My good woman," said the clerk to Mrs. Vanderbunkum in an insufferably insolent tone, "that trick won't answer: you had best not try it on here." And he whispered something to a boy, who hastened away.

Mrs. V. actually ran to her carriage, in an agony lest the police should arrest her as a thief.



DOOR OF THE GREAT BARN HOTEL.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

WE present to our readers this week an interesting ground-plan of Delhi, at present the chief strong-hold of the Sepoy mutineers, and the great centre of interest in India.

It was on the 11th of May last that a small troop of mutineers from Meerut entered the Calcutta gate of Delhi unopposed (the garrison being composed altogether of Sepoys also ready to mutiny), and made their way toward the centre of the city, at once shooting down every Englishman they met. The city was immediately taken possession of, the gates closed, and then began that scene of unrestrained plunder, rapine, torture, and murder, the relation of which has made all Europe and America shudder with horror.

A Hindoo, lately escaped from Delhi, brings a most interesting account of the doings in the city. He was within the walls from May 23d (thirteen days after its occupancy by the rebels) until June 23d—a month of intense interest. He says:

"On the 11th May the magazine was blown up; it did great damage to the adjacent houses, and killed about five hundred passengers walking in different streets. The bullets fell in the houses of people to such a degree, that some children picked up two pounds and some four pounds of them from the yards of their houses. Afterward the mutineers, together with the low people of the city, entered the magazine compound, and began to plunder weapons, accoutrements, gun-caps, etc. The 'loot,' or sack, continued three days; each Sepoy took three or four muskets, and as many swords and bayonets as he could. The calassies filled their houses with fine blacksmiths' tools, weapons, and gun-caps, which they sell by degrees, at the rate of two seers (four lbs.) per rupee. The copper sheets were sold at three seers per rupee. In these successful days the highest price of a musket was eight annas (an *anna* is worth about three cents). A fine English sword was dear for four annas, and one anna was too much for a good bayonet. Pouches and belts were so common that the owners could not get any thing for this booty of theirs."

The mutineers plundered every treasury, and every rich house and store in the city. So plentiful was coin, that almost every individual possessed several thousand rupees; and many were so laden down beneath the weight of silver that they could hardly walk. Consequently there was a rush to the few remaining *mahajums*—bankers—to exchange rupees for gold. The bankers charged them, in many cases, twenty-four or twenty-five rupees for a gold mohur, which is not worth more than sixteen. Also they gave out brass counterfeit for gold coin; thus revenging themselves for daily insults.

There is much jealousy between different portions of the mutinous troops in the city. The King who was proclaimed by them has but little authority. He pays the mutineers from his treasury—four annas per day to footmen, and a rupee to each trooper. The princes, the King's sons, have been made officers in the army, but do not understand the language of their troops, have no experience in the management of soldiers, are reported effeminate, and are jeered at by their own guards even. The escaped Hindoo says:

"They—the princes—are sometimes compelled to go out of the door of the city in the heat of the sun; their hearts palpitate from the firing of muskets and guns. The King sends sweetmeats for the forces in the field, and the guard at the door of the city plunder it like the property of an enemy. * * * The shells have destroyed lots of houses in the city; and in the fort the marble of the King's private hall is broken to pieces. His majesty is very much alarmed when a shell is burst in the castle, and the princes show his majesty the pieces of it. Many of the royal family have left the palace through fear. The Delhi college was destroyed the first day. English books are lying in the streets still. The Sepoys beat and imprison people for speaking English."

Late reports state that the rebels are short of percussion-caps, and that a native artificer had proposed to manufacture some. Meantime the mutineers are turning their muskets into matchlocks. The shells fired during the last few days from the city were also of an evidently inferior order, and this leads to the supposition that their powder is giving out.

So much for the inside of the city. A letter from an officer in the British Beleaguering Camp, dated June 26, gives a very clear account of the situation of the English forces. A comparison of the following extract with our chart will make all plain to the reader:

"We are still in the position we took up on the afternoon of the 8th of May last, after fighting the battle of Badle-Serai: it is a very strong one. We lie about two miles from Delhi, separated by a long ridge of hill that rises in broken ground on the banks of the Jumna to our left, and, smoothing down at its highest point, extends to our extreme right, where our batteries are placed. It is crossed toward the left by the Grand Trunk Road from the northwest, marked here and there by the telegraph posts, from which still hang broken pieces of wire. A little farther to the right, on the ridge of the hill, stands the tower called the Flagstaff; and still farther on an old mosque, both occupied by pickets of our men. To the extreme right is the hill on which are placed our heavy batteries. Its top is crowned by a building called Hindoo Rao's house, from an old Mahratta chieftain who lived there. All these points are connected by a road which runs along the summit of the hill. Its sides are covered by outcropping strata of sandstone, which rise tier above tier. Part of the slope toward our camp is occupied by the ruined huts of the mutinous regiments and the houses of their unfortunate officers. Behind the camp is a small river, which separates us from the plain, commanded by three of our heavy guns. It flows into the Jumna on the north side of Delhi, and is of great advantage to us, as its banks, which are faced with stone, are too steep to allow the enemy to bring their horse artillery over to attack our rear, as they did on the 19th of June. Profiting by the severe lesson of that night, we have blown up all the bridges save the two in the rear of our camp. Our left flank is covered by the Jumna, which is now much swollen by the rains. To our right is a mound on which are placed three heavy guns; and about three quarters of a mile beyond this is the suburb called the Subzi-mundi, full of country houses, inclosures, and gardens, in which a number of desperate fights have taken place between our men and the enemy. We are encamped on the old parade-ground of the native regiments, and are perfectly safe from every thing but their shells, which fall into our camp almost every evening without doing any great harm. We are lying on the defensive till we receive reinforcements, only firing from our batteries when the enemy provokes us by opening theirs, or coming out at the gates. They are continually getting in reinforcements."

Up to the last dates the troops before Delhi had been engaged in no less than twenty-four conflicts with the rebels. The most desperate sorties from within seem to be made under the influence of "bhang," the opium delirium. On the 12th of July such an assault was made, when a troop of eighty of the rebel cavalry actually rode nearly through the British camp, calling on the native artillerists to turn their guns against the British and join the Delhi side, and getting away with the loss of only about twenty men.

Individual acts of bravery are of frequent occurrence. In one instance about a hundred Europeans were surrounded in a *Serai* by fifteen hundred of the rebels. They thought they had them safely in a trap, and were advancing leisurely to make sure of their victims, when the two officers, seeing nothing for it but a desperate sally, called on their men to follow, and dashing forward, cut their way through their enemies; and, notwithstanding two volleys fired at them, succeeded in effecting their escape, with only some two or three men wounded. Again, a large party of the enemy's cavalry stole in during the gray of the morning, and came close up to some Horse Artillery guns, before they were observed. The officer in command roared out, "Stand to your guns!" but it became evident that there was no time to prevent too near approach. In this dilemma it was the work of a moment for both officers to dash among the advancing troopers, several of whom they killed, each, however, receiving some severe wounds in return; but the object was gained in delaying the advance of the enemy, and the guns were saved.

The fate of Delhi is sealed. Sooner or later it will be taken; and when once the English banner waves above its walls, there is like to be seen an example of British vengeance such as will strike terror into the hearts of the mutineers. The offense of Delhi will be wiped out in blood and flames, and the fate long prophesied is like to overtake the palaces of the Imperial City of Hindostan: "The spider shall hang her tapestry in the halls of the Great Mogul."

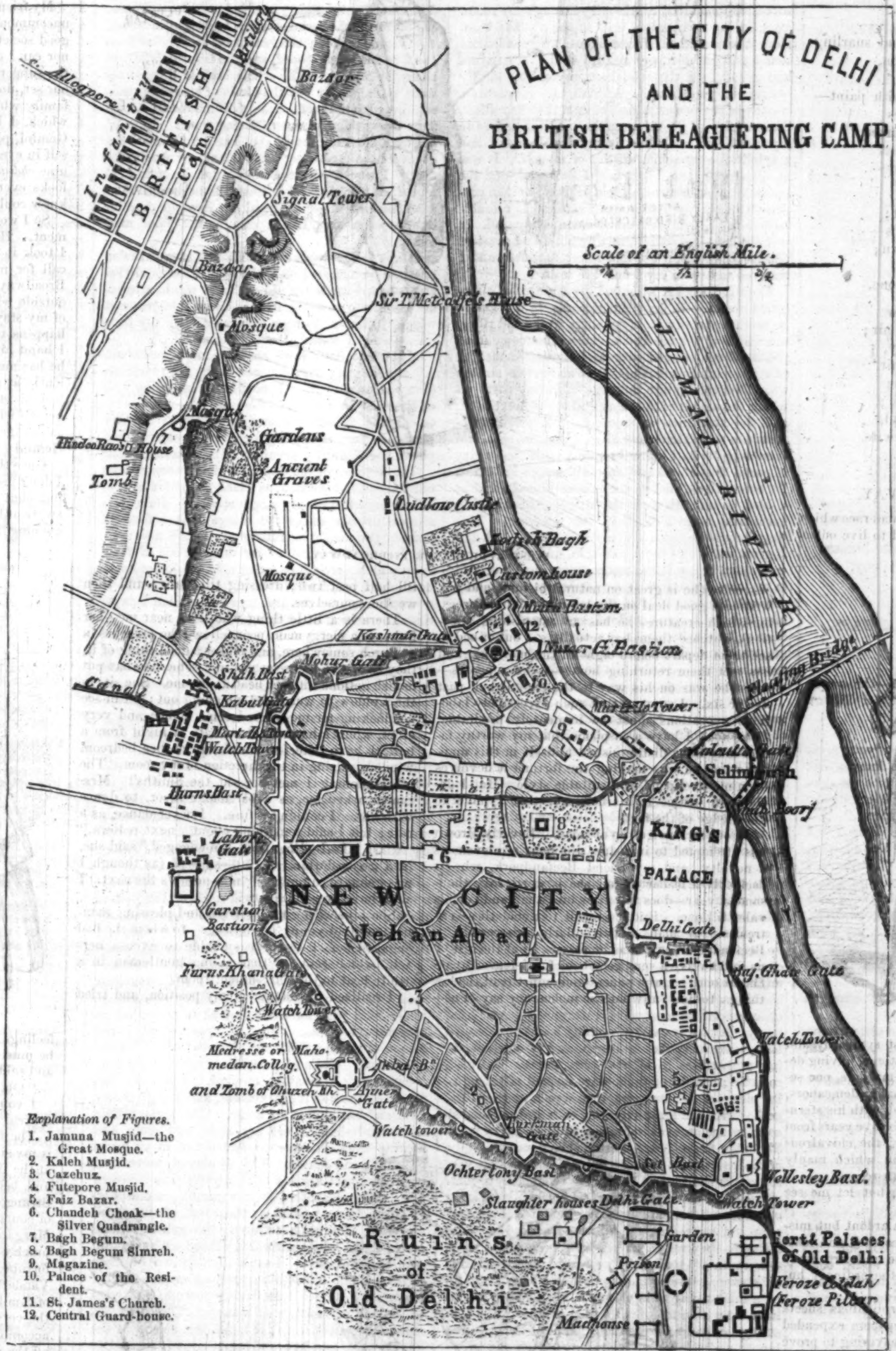
The scene of many famous and bloody events has this old imperial capital been. The derivation of its name seems pregnant with bloodshed, rapine, and wild lawless passions. The legend runs, that in ancient times there stood upon, or near, the present site of Delhi, the *Kheel* or iron pillar of the Pandus, the pedestal of which was placed in hell. An unbelieving ruler, doubting the fact of the pillar's infernal foundation, caused excavations to be made to a great depth in search of the base. Suddenly the earth cracked and blood gushed up from the central deep—the pillar became *loose*—"*dhille*"—and finally disappeared. From early times Delhi was the scene of slaughter. The chief business of its legitimate rulers seems to have been to slay aspirants to their throne, and few of its masters but have gained their place in the imperial halls by means of a murder. We read of one royal ruler who, having murdered his father, ascended the throne in peace, and "determined"—so says the Mohammedan historian—"to act with moderation and wisdom." He slew fifteen hundred of his father's adherents, and had their wives and children sold into slavery, "but was otherwise a wise and temperate monarch; and his reign was chiefly remarkable because of his changing the color of the imperial umbrella." Such is the record of a Mohammedan writer of history.

Juna Khan, who killed his father by causing a pavilion to fall upon him, took it into his head to remove the population and court of Delhi to Dergiri, "leaving," says the historian Ferishta, "the noble metropolis of Dehly a resort for owls, and a dwelling-place for beasts of the desert." After building up a new city at Dergiri, he forced the luckless people back to Delhi again. This was his royal way of founding a city.

Not many years thereafter, Timour the Tartar took possession of Delhi, and so completely sacked it, that, according to Ferishta, "to the meanest man belonging to the army not less than twenty persons became captive. And other plunder consisted of various kinds of jewels and pearls, and particularly rubies and diamonds, vessels of gold and silver, and money without count, on which was the impression of Ala-ul-deen Khilde."

Moving over now to an adjoining city, this pious savage "with the stroke of the slaughtering sword sent them (the inhabitants) all to hell; and the heaps of the heads of the Hindoos reached to heaven, and their bodies became the prey of wild beasts." And then the sage historian concludes, "with good fortune and prosperity Sahib Kiran (Timour) remained fifteen days at Delhi, and the beams from the crescent of his victorious standard were removing the rust from the looking-glass of the sun and moon, and the excellences of his government and his victories were such as to have created envy in the souls of Jumsheed and Alexander had they been alive."

Timour was succeeded by the Synd's dynasty, and that by the Lodi's, both weak. To these succeeded, about 1527, Baber the Great. His successor, Humagoon, was in turn followed by Akbar the Great, famous for the post routes he established, the first in Hindostan. Various monarchs followed, from this time, 1556, to 1737, when the Mahrattas burnt and plundered the suburbs. In 1739 Nadir Shah sacked Delhi, for the second time since its foundation. From this time to the present its fortunes are linked closely with those of the ancestors of the present King. But few of these have ascended the throne in peace, or reigned without violence or bloodshed. The recompense of blood has come, and it is doubtful if the present King will not, like one of his predecessors, have to cry out to his conquerors, in bitterest humiliation, "Spare my people!" Vengeance is due in Delhi. We may expect to hear of its ruins at any moment.


PLAN OF THE CITY OF DELHI AND THE BRITISH BELEAGUERING CAMP

Explanation of Figures.

1. Jamuna Musjid—the Great Mosque.
2. Kaleh Musjid.
3. Cazehuz.
4. Futepore Musjid.
5. Faiz Bazar.
6. Chandeh Choak—the Silver Quadrangle.
7. Bagh Begum.
8. Bagh Begum Simreh.
9. Magazine.
10. Palace of the Resident.
11. St. James's Church.
12. Central Guard-house.

OCTOBER.

IT is dreamy, soft October,
And there's brightness every where,
From the golden sheaves of sunshine
Gleaming in broad fields of air
To the sparkling, dancing ripples
That go singing to the shore,
Whispering to the drooping branches,
"Sweet October's come once more."

Hallowed season! thou hast borne me
To the days of other years,
And with Memory's glass I'm gazing
Through a flood of silent tears.
There are phantom forms now gliding
Like weird spirits through my brain;
And soft echoes of low voices
I may never hear again!

I've been wondering, month so witching,
With such varied beauties rife,
How 'twill be with me when dawneth
The October of my life!
Will soft skies bend fondly over
The bright spot where I repose?
And love's blessed, cheering sunshine
Light my pathway till its close?

And I wonder, as I ponder
How young Lawrence Grey and I
Breathed a vow of love unchanging
'Neath October's moonlit sky,
If, still true to one another,
We keep waiting, day by day,
Till our cheeks, perchance, are furrowed,
And our locks are tinged with gray,

Heaven will smile, at length, and favor
The twin souls by suffering tried,
And bestow, in life's October,
What its spring-time was denied?
If we bow without a murmur
To his stern, though just decree,
Shall we then receive a foretaste
Of a blest eternity?

Then, in life's calm, pensive sunset,
Will our feelings be the same?
Will my heart leap up in gladness
When he syllables my name?
And will silver locks then flutter
Like a white swan on her nest,
When the same dear head is pillowed
In wild rapture on my breast?

And I wonder, oh! I wonder,
As we sit at even-tide,
Will he tell me that he loves me
More than all the world beside?
Will he twine his arms around me,
And repeat the story o'er,
Till my heart, in voiceless chorus,
Throbs "Forever—evermore!"

Sweet October! bright October!
Pleasant fancies dost thou bring!
Though I love the genial summer
And the merry, joyous spring,
Oh! there's nothing half so witching
As this blessed autumn day,
That keeps whispering through the breezes
The dear name of Lawrence Grey.

FIVE HOURS IN A DOUBLE BASS.

"Good-day, brother Gilbert!"

"Good-day, Sir."

"How goes on the great work, eh?—the secret work—the *magnum opus* which is to render Gilbert Domesday forever famous?"

"What work, Mr. Kestrel?"

"Come now, Gilbert—come, none of your mystery with an old friend. Every one knows that you are engaged in the manufacture of a wonderful instrument. Tell me something about it, my boy! Old Kestrel won't blab your secret."

"I will take very good care he doesn't," I thought to myself as I looked into the shallow, treacherous eyes of the old violinist. However, I replied aloud: "Really, Mr. Kestrel, you astonish me. I had no idea that my townsfolk took such an interest in my proceedings. Since, however, you are so anxious, I will tell you what my work is."

"What?" cried old Kestrel, with open ears and eager eyes.

"I am engaged at present in constructing an improved child's whistle."

"Impertinent puppy!" I heard the old man exclaim as I turned on my heel and walked off, chuckling at his discomfiture.

Old Kestrel, I have stated, was a celebrated violinist. He had played to old-fashioned audiences when music was young in America, and had been at the cradle of concerts. He was one of those respectable, steady performers of the past school. He drew a sweet tone, had pretty little embellishments, and played the Nightingale waltz with tolerable effect, bird imitation included. He would now, however, be looked upon as a pottering player. Little Paul Julien would utterly confound the old man if he were to hear him, and I am sure that Signor Robbio's "*Valse Diabolique*" would complete his intellectual ruin. Kestrel having been one of the earliest performers in this country, naturally accumulated some wealth. He was at least independent of his violin, and played in public no more. His friends said—when his back was turned—that Kestrel used the excuse of his independence merely to cloak the unpleasant fact that his concerts, when he gave them, were no longer well attended, and that the public taste, depraved as it had been by the *tours de force* of Ernst and Sivori, the sentiment of Paul Julien, the rugged eccentricity of Ole Bull, cared no more to listen to the old-fashioned mechanical runs and ornaments of poor old Kestrel. Be that as it may, Kestrel retired from the concert-room, and enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* in a handsome house in Twenty-sixth Street. There he lived with his pretty niece, Alice Kestrel, practicing his queer old sonatas and Bird waltzes, and accompanying the young girl on the piano in Hummel's simple but charming duos.

I came to know old Kestrel through my father, who, being a very extensive piano-forte maker, was naturally thrown into connection with a vast number of musical people. As I had evinced at an early age a decided talent for music, it was deemed a good opportunity to commence my instruction, so I was put under Kestrel's charge, who, to do him justice, was a careful and excellent rudimentary teacher. As I grew up, however, and heard Ernst and Ole Bull, I naturally discovered that Kestrel's style was cramped and mechanical. I awoke for the first time to a knowledge of the soul that lay sleeping between the vibrating boards of the violin—the almost human expressions of love, or sorrow, or joy that only awaited the touch of the magician to leap thrillingly from the strings. A new world of sound and the mysteries of sound opened upon me. I beheld no limits to the power of the stringed instrument. It seemed to me that the violin was the arcanum of all music; that it contained every other, and that its power might be rendered boundless. I delivered myself up to this passion. I spent whole days with my violin, fondling its strings with my bow, and listening delightedly to the murmuring sounds that it offered in return for my caresses. My violin then grew into a violoncello. The power, and majesty, and sweetness of this grand instrument, which seemed to me to bear to the violin the relation that the mature and deep-voiced man bears to the graceful and enthusiastic youth, captivated me for a time. My violin hung neglected on the wall, and the deep tones of its successor resounded continually through my room. This, in its turn, gave way to the double bass. Here it seemed that I found a massive grandeur of sound that satisfied my mature soul. My nature had grown, and the solid harmony of this kingly instrument yielded me a rich delight. It was more worthy of the powerful soul of man than any other. The majesty of its voice awoke majestic echoes in my mind, and I felt that in my double bass I had a spiritual companion worthy of myself. It was at this epoch that I first heard Bottesini, and the marvelous performance of that marvelous man confirmed me still further in my affection. The double bass then became the final election of my soul. It was the only instrument in which I found musical depths that human art had never sounded, and I resolved to devote my whole life to it.

Then it was that I became the haunted of a singular dream. In my sleep at night, in my lonely hours in my study, in my country walks and rides, the vision of a huge and wondrous instrument of godlike force seemed ever to float before me. I saw its enormous strings, that seemed to stretch away into the infinite, forming vibrating paths on which the angels of music ascended and descended, and flew from heaven to earth; I beheld its tremendous sounding-board arched like the sky, and trembling to its innermost atoms with the oceans of sound that ebbed and flowed through its fibres. Its bow seemed vast as the prismatic arch, and as it shot to and fro over the strings, the awaking harmonies seemed to shake the universe. This singular vision dominated my thoughts. Each day it grew more and more palpable, and whenever I was alone the godlike, transcendent music echoed in my ears. I heard vast symphonies thundering through the blue hills of heaven—dreamy harmonies stole from cloud to cloud, or dropped from the stars and floated over the summer sea. Wild sonatas, vivid and dazzling as lightning, shot through space, and at times the visible vault of the world would be lifted upon a tide of soaring music.

At last my idea gathered shape. The vague visions of my soul were, I discovered, but the spiritual forerunners of a reality. Day by day the cloudy thoughts condensed until at last they grew into palpable form. My idea was grand! When it first came upon me my soul fairly reeled before the immensity of the project. I shunned society, and brooded over my conception alone, and after weeks of meditation, when I had been thinned and exhausted with intense thought, I determined on action.

In six months from this time the large factory-room which I had hired in Centre Street was half filled with my strange machinery. In one end was a small steam-engine of four or five horse power, as yet, however, still and lifeless. In the centre of the room arose a vast mass which, at first sight, might seem to be only an immense congregation of blocks and ropes and iron rods, but for me this chaos contained a wonderful secret of gigantic harmony. It was, in reality, nothing less than a double bass, some sixty feet in length, and of corresponding proportions in all its other parts. Its vast sounding-board and back were formed of triangular pieces of the most sonorous woods mortised together with the most exquisite care, and so blended as to insure an even vibration through every part. The huge finger-board stretched from out the body of the instrument like the mast of some small vessel, while the tuning keys were twisted by a complication of powerful levers, which, while capable of immense force, might yet be graduated to a movement not exceeding the width of a needle. The strings—they might indeed have been called ropes—were an adaptation by myself of that wonderful substance, gutta percha, by which means I obtained a solid string of any length, which I would not have been able to do had I used catgut. The bass strings, of course, were easily made of the required length and thickness. The bow—huge as a tree—was suspended on a universal joint in a horizontal position over the strings; while by a complication of machinery, communication with an arrangement of levers resembling the finger-board of a piano, any motion could be communicated to it—vertical, horizontal, oblique, direct—the instant the machinery began to act. The most singular portion of the entire machine was, however, the manner in which the fingering of the strings was accomplished. Above the finger-board which directed the movements of the bow, was another, a little elevated, like the black keys of a piano. These were merely a set of levers also, which moved five rods, each buffed at the end with leather. These rods, like the bow, were capable of being moved in any direction, and, according as certain levers were touched on the finger-board, ascended, descended, pressed here or there, stopped, or slid along the strings at the will of the performer. Thus with one hand the performer played on the levers that directed the bow, while with the other he touched those that controlled the rods that supplied the place of the five human fingers. In this way the most rapid passages could be executed on this apparently unwieldy instrument.

The whole thing was a marvel of labor to behold. The interior of the instrument, with its supporting ribs and wondrously knitted plates of wood, seemed like the interior of some church of strange architecture; and when one walked along the sonorous inclosure one's steps sounded with a strange musical hollowness that had in it something awful. Then, when at work it was still more wondrous. The great machinery moving noiselessly; the huge bow, now sweeping irresistibly across the strings, and drawing forth waves of sound; the levers working as if actuated by a human intelligence; the clouds of harmony filling the whole of that vast room, sometimes crushing the hearer under masses of sound, sometimes melting into fine threads of melody that grow finer and finer until they attenuate into space.

I shall never forget the first day that, when this majestic instrument was finished, I gave it life and saw its first throes. My dream was to grasp a larger mass of sound than ever had been gathered from a stringed instrument—to realize those wondrous harmonies that I had heard in my dreams echo through the aerial steeps. I got up the steam. The engine moved; the bow sped swiftly as I sat down to the finger-board, and the lever rods leaped along the strings. The whole soul of the instrument sprang forth. Whirlwinds of harmony rushed upward to the roof. Seas of divine sound surged from every point of the vibrating wood. Rays of piercing, thrilling music shot like arrows from the edges of the trembling instrument. I was satisfied. I would create a revolution in orchestral music; I would develop sound in masses such as even Musard never dreamed of; I would thunder like Jove, or sing like Apollo, as the mood may seize me.

It was this *magnum opus* that old Kestrel alluded to when he accosted me; if was this harmonic secret which I knew the old violinist would surrender his life to possess; it was this huge instrument which I intended to keep concealed until my time came, when I would electrify the world.

My whole days were spent in my work-shop. All my energies were devoted to the improvement of my beloved work. I spent hours in the interior of the vast instrument—thinning the wood here, thickening it there, inserting pieces in another place; in fact, perfecting by every means in my power the vibratory evenness of the wooden shell.

The evening of the day on which I encountered old Kestrel I proceeded, as usual, to my factory, to amuse myself with my *magnum opus*. There was a spot directly under the bridge that I thought wanted thinning; so, taking my chisel and mallet, I entered the instrument through one of the S holes which were cut on either side. I do not know how long I continued to work, but sleep must have overtaken me, for the first sensation which I experienced was that of a frightful nightmare.

I thought that I was standing in the centre of an old cathedral whose groined roof was supported by myriads of golden columns. The floor was paved with square blocks of different-colored marbles, and the roof, although of stone, seemed merely laid like a cover upon the walls. At first I was motionless, but presently the desire to move took possession of me and I made a step forward. My feet had hardly touched the pavement before the whole cathedral trembled with a storm of sound. From every point the wild notes rushed toward me like a horde of hungry winds. The roof shook, and the tremendous vibrations of the air bruised my skin. Astounded at this phenomenon I looked around me, and presently I discovered the origin of these sounds. Each of the myriad golden columns was an organ-pipe, and each of the square marble blocks with which the floor was paved was a key to this gigantic instrument. I trembled; I dared not move. Each step I took would loosen an avalanche of sound underneath which roof and walls and pillars would crack. I felt as a man must feel when encircled with falling mountains. I remained still, for what seemed to me to be an interminable time. Then it appeared as if the demon of motion suddenly possessed me. I must go onward. Walls may tumble, roofs may be rent. I cared not, I must go onward. I set my feet firmly on the moving pavement, and key after key sank and rose under my steps. The organ pillars shook and shouted till my sight and sense and hearing were all drowned and dazed in an ocean of sounds and echoes. The air surged, wave after wave, and beat against my bruised frame on every side. The roof, lifted by this gigantic atmospheric swell, hung poised on the crest of the aerial waves. The walls tottered, the golden pillars cracked, the whole cathedral echoed with one wild peal of dissolution. I sunk upon the waving floor—there came a sudden appalling crash—and I awoke. I started into sitting posture, and tried to collect my affrighted senses. The next instant I recollected all; I had fallen asleep in the double bass, and had a dream. But it seemed to me that the horrible crash of the falling cathedral still resounded in my ears. Still I heard that final shriek that seemed to presage universal ruin. I looked up. Great Heaven! There, moving steadily and swiftly to and fro across the face of the double bass, I caught sight of the shadow of the huge bow. Some wretch had set the machinery to work, and I would be killed with sound. Swifter and swifter sped the bow, directed by no master hand to melodious strokes, but striking out the most horrible discords it was possible to imagine. I shrieked and shouted, but no human voice was distinguishable in this howling whirlpool of discord. The huge wooden shell in which I lay shook like a live creature. The air beaten until it howled, rushed around me, and dashed against me, until my flesh was bruised like that of a corpse chafing against the rocks in a stormy ocean. I saw no escape. My nerves were so completely deadened by the tempest of sound that roared through the hollow vibrating chamber in which I lay that it was scarcely possible for me to move; and even if I did summon strength enough, the only escape was through the S shaped holes across which the gigantic bow was now moving with frightful velocity. By a sudden effort, however, I raised my head to the level of one of these holes and peeped out. In an instant I saw the cause of this fatal blunder. Old Kestrel was standing near the crank with which the action of the machinery was checked or loosened, looking on in wonder at the fast increasing motion of this vast instrument. He had doubtless tracked me to my factory, and stolen in when I had fallen asleep, and having inadvertently set the thing going, now knew not how to stop it. How I cursed the fool, who, to gratify a vain curiosity, was sacrificing perhaps all our lives; for the steam-engine by which all moved would only bear a certain pressure, and if that was exceeded an explosion and ruin would be the result.

While I was watching old Kestrel, and shrieking to attract his attention, I heard a sudden snap. A long, snake-like rope flew curling through the air, and in an instant coiled itself around the old violinist's neck, like a Malay thug-rope, and he fell strangled to the ground. One of the strings so enormously distended had snapped in twain, and, rebounding like a taut cable when broken, had flown like a lasso and fatally encountered old Kestrel. Now indeed I was terrified. No one left in that vast building to liberate me. The heat of the furnace increasing, the steam all compressed, the bow moving over the strings with a frightful velocity—I flung myself in despair against the sides of the vast instrument, and moaned in concert with the mountains of sound that were crushing in my skull. Suddenly there was a fearful explosion. The double bass quivered to its centre, and then flew into huge fragments. I heard a sound of crashing glass and tumbling walls. I had just enough of consciousness to feel that the boiler had burst and destroyed every thing, and then—I knew no more.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Botts—Bishop.—On Tuesday, by the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, Mr. Julian Botts, of Richmond, Va., to Miss Harriet, daughter of William Bishop, of this city.—*Herald.*

We thought that horses' ailments
Fell not to human lots;
The Church is not exempt, it seems;
A Bishop's got the *botts.*

The Rev. Thomas D. Bell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Harrisonburg, Va., was united in marriage to Miss Harriet, daughter of Jacob Barr, Esq., of Harrisonburg, on the morning of Tuesday last.—*Herald.*

He once was deemed a bold man that
In Scotland dared to "bell the cat;"
But nowadays e'en churchmen dare
Far greater feats, and "*bell* the *bear.*"
Which merits most renown, pray tell?
He *bells* the *bear*—she *bears* the *bell.*

Neill—Tier.—On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. J. B. Wakely, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane D. Tier, all of this city.—*Tribune.*

A sad event, we rather fear,
She turned to *kneel* and dropped a *tear.*

At Bucksville, S. C., by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Mr. Henry H. Wright to Miss Orilla Buck, daughter of H. Buck, Esq.—*Journal.*

The parson *seals* their fate, 'tis very clear
She's *right* for once—the *buck* has got her *dear.*

A correspondent writes us from Little Rock, Arkansas: "Old Tompkins, the miser here, is supposed to be the most economical man now living. He 'saves as he goes' in this wise: Though both his pedestals are sound, he manages to make a pair of shoes last twice the usual time by wearing, when he travels, one shoe and a *wooden leg!*"

What is the difference between having an exact copy of any thing, and having an ailing wife and all the children down with the measles?

One is a fac-simile, and the other a sick family.

Why was the Prophet Nathan greater than the Mediterranean?

Because the Mediterranean is a sea, but Nathan was a seer (sea-er).

Charles the Second, hearing Vossius, a celebrated free-thinker, repeating some incredible stories about the Chinese, said, "This is a very strange man. He believes every thing but the Bible!"

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

The poet must feel flattered by the editor of a New London paper who declined some of his proffered contributions thus: "Your lines entitled 'Sympathy' are respectfully declined. The sentiment is excellent, rhythm sounds like rolling frozen pumpkins on a barn-floor, and the measure is not what it should be."

A little child in church, observing the minister to be very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out: "Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box?"

"You can do any thing, if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait."

"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary.

"Till it freezes!" was the cold reply.

The Boston *Post* lately gave the following practical turn to the Spiritual controversy: "We offer a reward of five dollars a day to any rappers who will *not* move a table in our dining-room, but cover it with a dinner for five persons, at three P.M. each day in the week, and quietly withdraw while our interesting family devours it. This shoving round empty tables does no good. Meat—meat is the thing."

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language.

"He don't pay me any thing," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap; to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to risk losing your own soul (gradually rising in emphasis), and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

They have got so modest at Newport that they call the big sponge in the ladies' bathing-house a "Wash-Woman!"

An English barber advertises to shave any thing—even "the face of nature."

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

Little Sis. "Oh, Bubby, I'm a-goin' to have a hooped dress, an oyster-shell bonnet, a pair of ear-drops, and a baby!"

Little Bub. "The thunder you is! Well, I'm going to have a pair of tight pants, a Shanghai coat, a shaved head, crooked cane, and a pistol!"

A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant.

"Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the devil did you come from?"

"An' sure I came from the north of Ireland, yer honor."

Brown says that though "brevity is the soul of wit," it is "no joke" to be "short" on 'change.

In Paris they hire a lady to faint in the boxes at a critical passage in a new tragedy.

A lady who was much afflicted, and who had been attended by several physicians to no purpose, was persuaded by her friends to call in the learned quack; so he came, and after feeling the pulse a while, the sick woman said: "Well, doctor, do you know my case?" "Oh yes, *mem*, it's a plain case." "Well, doctor, what is it?" "Why, *mem*, it is a scrutanutory case." "Scrutanutory case, doctor! pray, what is that?" "It's a dropping of the nerves, *mem*." "Dropping of the nerves, doctor! what's that?" "Why, *mem*, the *numnaticats* drop down into the *pizer-tinctum*, and the head goes *tizer-rizer, tizer-rizer*."

An exchange says that "change is in itself an evil." Is a little change in one's pocket an evil? Is the occasional change of one's linen an evil? Is a change from bad to good an evil?

A gentleman stepped into a store where none but "mourning goods" were sold, and inquired for slate-colored gloves. The polite clerk informed him that only black goods were sold in that room; for slate-colored gloves he must step into the *mitigated affliction department!*

George III. having knighted a gentleman named Day at a levee held on the 20th of September, said: "Now I know that I am king, for I have turned *Day* into *Knight*, and have made Lady Day at Michaelmas." On one occasion, when his Majesty came out of the House of Lords, after opening the session, he said to the Lord Chancellor, "Did I deliver the speech well?" "Very well, indeed," was the reply. "I am glad of that," said the king, "for there was nothing in it."

The Washington *States* says that at the conclusion of the marriage of General Walbridge President Buchanan was prompt to avail himself of the privilege of kissing the bride, when, turning to the General, he said, playfully, "You have deserted our ranks!" "How *could* I help it?" the General promptly responded, as he pointed to his bride.

At a late Hen Convention, finding it difficult to raise the price of eggs, the feathered tribes resolved for the future to lay only ten eggs to the dozen.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Oct.* 12, 1857.

THE panic is not moderated. Indeed, the week which has elapsed has been by far the most severe of any we have gone through. The number of failures and the amounts exceed any thing heretofore experienced. Allusion is made to them in the regular news column.

The trade of the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 10, 1857	$2,359,095	$1,721,980
Corresponding week, 1856	3,558,534	1,412,864
Increase		$309,116
Decrease	$199,439	

There was less than $100,000 in specie exported.

Money continues to command exorbitant prices, and, indeed, on ordinary securities, it is not to be had at all. Exchange on England sells at 98 @ 100.

The week is expected to be very severe, and many persons watch the course of the Banks with great apprehension.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, October* 12, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets continue to suffer from the pressure for Money. Breadstuffs fluctuated considerably, closing with large receipts, eager sellers, and a restricted inquiry, alike for home use and for export. Provisions were depressed, and though the leading holders evinced no willingness to reduce prices to suit buyers, the tendency was downward. Groceries were very dull, and decreased in value. Cotton was neglected and nominal. Fish ruled quiet and languid. Hay was less abundant, and was somewhat dearer, the demand having been pretty brisk. Hemp, Hops, Grass Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool were dull and nominal. Hides and Leather continued inactive at drooping rates. Naval Stores and Oils were sparingly dealt in, at generally reduced prices. Domestic Whisky was moderately inquired for, and closed steadily. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 40	@	$4 90
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 40	@	$4 75
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	$4 75	@	$7 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	$5 00	@	$7 50
Superfine to extra Canadian, per bbl.	$5 00	@	$6 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	$5 30	@	$7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 75	@	$4 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	$3 40	@	$4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	$1 12½	@	$1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	90	@	$1 22½
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	65	@	67
Rye, per bushel	70	@	—
Barley, per bushel	75	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel	58	@	61
State Oats, per bushel	55	@	60
Southern Oats, per bushel	36	@	44
Mess Pork, per barrel	$23 00	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel	$18 00	@	—
Repacked Mess Beef, per barrel	$13 50	@	$14 75
Beef Hams, per barrel	$16 50	@	$18 00
Cut Meats, per pound	10	@	11
Lard, per pound	14	@	15
State Butter, per pound	15	@	23
Cheese, per pound	6	@	8½
Cotton, Middlings, per pound	nominal.		
North River Hay, bales, per 100 llbs	50	@	75
New Hops, per pound	6	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@	$4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	8
Cuba Muscovado Molasses, per gallon	23	@	33
Hyson Teas, per pound	38	@	70
Oolong Teas, per pound	38	@	70
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	22½

Freights were depressed, and rates favored shippers; for Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin 1s. @ 1s. 6. per barrel; Beef 2s. per tierce; and heavy goods 15s. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was depressed. Good Beeves were not abundant, and these brought pretty full rates. The bulk of the supply was of inferior quality, and prices therefor ruled very low. The demand was moderate, and cash buyers (who alone are now in favor) were not very easily suited. The week's receipts compare with those of the preceding week, thus:

	Last Week.	*Previous Week.*
Beeves	3,352	3,859
Milch Cows	207	199
Veal Calves	557	681
Sheep and Lambs	11,513	12,855
Swine	606	2,283

The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday, was from 6 c. for the poorest to 11 c, for first quality per pound. Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, were in slack request, and they partially declined $5 00 per head, closing at from $25 00 @ $65 00 for common to extra. Veal Calves were in limited supply and demand at 5½ @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were very dull, at a decline of fully 50 c. per head. The heavy fall in skins, and the difficulty of selling them at any price, affects the sale of Sheep. Pelts which brought $1 00 each last year, are now worth 44 @ 50 c. Swine were more freely offered than needed, and prices receded to 6 @ 7½ for live, and 8½ @ 9½ for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Markets were amply stocked with Vegetables. Apples were plentier, while Peaches, Plums, and Quinces were in light supply. The general demand was fair, prices of most kinds favoring consumers. Eggs were freely offered, and were in better request. Poultry was more sought after at firmer rates.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$4 00
Grapes, per pound	4	@	12
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$2 50
Plums, per bushel	$6 00	@	—
Pears, common to extra, per barrel	$1 50	@	$10 00
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 75
" sweet, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 50
Tomatoes, per basket	50	@	75
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$4 00	@	$15 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$1 50	@	$2 00
Cucumbers, pickles, per 1000	$2 00	@	$2 50
Cabbages, per 100	$1 25	@	$3 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen	75	@	$2 50
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	37	@	44
Carrots, per dozen	37	@	44
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	50	@	$1 75
Beans, per basket	37	@	56
" per bushel	50	@	75
Corn, Sweet, per 100 ears	50	@	75
Leeks, per 100	$2 50	@	$3 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100	$6 00	@	$7 00
Peppers, per 100	50	@	75
Cranberries, per barrel	$8 00	@	$12 00
Butter, Western, per pound	12	@	17
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	—
" Western, per dozen	14	@	—
Chickens, per pair	50	@	$1 00
Live Fowls, per pair	88	@	$1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 25	@	$1 63
" wild, per dozen	75	@	88
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 75	@	$4 50
Partridge, per pair	50	@	63
Reed Birds, per dozen	31	@	38
Roasting Pigs	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, per pair	18	@	25
Hares, per pair	25	@	38
Beef, per pound	6	@	8
Mutton, per pound	6½	@	8½
Lamb, per pound	10	@	12
Veal, per pound	9	@	11
Pork, per pound	8	@	9½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT SHAWL SALE the PRESENT WEEK.—In consequence of the severe pressure in the money market, the Subscriber has purchased for Cash, and will offer at retail, the following extraordinary bargains:

1000 new style
Broché Bordered Shawls,
at Three and a Half Dollars.

1500 very superior
Gold Bordered Shawls,
at Four and a Half Dollars.

800 very beautiful
new Style for present Fall,
at Eight Dollars.

1200 elegant Shepherd's Plaid,
rich colored Stella Border,
entirely new,
at Nine Dollars.

Together with a multitudinous array of rich Stella, Turnover, Broché, and Cashmere Shawls of the very latest importation, all at equally moderate prices.

GEO. BULPIN,
No. 361 Broadway.

CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.
Now ready and for sale by all Newsvenders,
PARTS I. TO X. INCLUSIVE OF THE

MONTHLY PARTS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, the most valuable and interesting Publication of the day. Each MONTHLY PART contains 64 PAGES of choice reading, and numerous SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS. Price 20 cents per Part. Dealers supplied by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING-MACHINES are unquestionably the best in the market. No well-regulated family can afford to do without a
GROVER & BAKER MACHINE.
We advise all our readers, especially the ladies, to call and examine them, at 495 Broadway, N. Y.; 18 Summer Street, Boston; and 729 Chestnut Street, Phil.

GRAPE LEAF GIN.—We are constantly receiving Invoices of this celebrated Gin, in pipes and three-quarter pipes. The manufactory from which this Gin is obtained in Schiedam has been in existence over 200 years, and therefore explains the reason why this Gin is superior to the common grade of Gin and Schnapps imported into this market.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

TO HOUSEKEEPERS, STEWARDS OF HOTELS, OYSTER, AND EATING HOUSES.
The next time you buy Crackers call for Bond's, and, our word for it, you will never afterward use any others. Each Cracker bears the stamp of Bond, as the market is full of imitations. They can be seen at the tables of the principal hotels in this city, among which are the St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, La Farge, New York Hotel, Brevoort House, Everett House.
Sold by all Grocers.
A. W. HYDE, Wholesale Agent,
180 Chambers Street.

"WOODLAND CREAM"—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only Fifty Cents. None genuine unless signed
FETRIDGE & CO., Proprietors of the
"Balm of a Thousand Flowers."
For sale by all Druggists.

CLOSE OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

CONTENTS.
A WINTER IN THE SOUTH. (*Third Paper.*)
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings.
A REMINISCENCE OF ROME.
Illustrated by Ten Engravings.
NOTHING TO WEAR.—AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.
Illustrations: Miss Flora M'Flimsey.—Nothing to Wear.
IN HIGH LATITUDES.
Illustrated by Ten Engravings.
THE MAN WHO WAS NOT AN EGOTIST.
HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.
EDUCATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN.
LOST: THE STORY OF FOUR YOUNG MEN.
OUR WIVES.
RACHEL'S REFUSAL.
JOSEPH THORNE: HIS CALLING.
HELEN LEE.
CLUBS AND CLUB-MEN.
THE GRIZZLY BEAR OF CALIFORNIA.
A STRAY HOUSE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES. Books of the Month.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
CHARLIE'S SIDE-WALK ACQUAINTANCES.
Illustrations: Love at First Sight.—The Shanghai.—The Ride.—The Nice Boy.—The Two Knives.—Filial Pride.—Charlie after being Licked.
FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.
Illustrations: Promenade Costume.—Child's Dress.—Coiffure.—Cloth Cloak.

More than *One Hundred and Seventy Thousand* Copies are now issued of each Number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

This success, to which the history of Periodical Literature affords no parallel, has not been achieved, and is not maintained, whithout a liberal expenditure of labor and money. The ample remuneration offered by the Publishers enables them to secure the best productions of the most accomplished Authors and Artists of the country, to whom at least *Three Thousand Dollars* are paid for the Matter and Illustrations of each Number of the Magazine.

By a careful and laborious selection from the abundant materials thus placed at their disposal, the Publishers believe that they have produced, and can continue to produce, a more attractive and useful Magazine than has ever before been offered to the great mass of the American reading public. Among the regular writers for the Magazine are numbered the most distinguished American Authors; but the Publishers have refrained from announcing a list of Contributors, being desirous that the Articles should be estimated by their own intrinsic merits rather than by the names of the Authors.

No extraordinary appeal to public attention has been made, or will be made, by the issue of "*Specimen Numbers*" containing an unusual amount of matter or illustrations. The successive numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain the same amount of matter, and will be, as far as possible, uniform in respect to illustrations and mechanical execution. The Publishers, however, will endeavor, by a diligent use of the constantly increasing facilities at their disposal, to make each Number every way better than the preceding.

It will be the constant aim of the Publishers to fill the pages of the Magazine with articles inculcating sound views upon the great questions of Life and Morals, leaving the discussion of sectarian opinions in Religion and sectional questions in Politics to their own appropriate organs.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is also the *cheapest* Periodical published. Each Number contains *from Sixteen to Forty-eight more pages*, printed in a better manner, and upon better paper, than any other American Monthly Magazine. Subscribers have also the assurance that it will be permanently and punctually issued, and that its general scope and character will remain unchanged.

TERMS.—The Magazine may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or from the Publishers, at THREE DOLLARS a year, or TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Number. The Semi-annual Volumes, as completed, neatly bound in Cloth, are sold at Two Dollars each, and Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish to have their back Numbers uniformly bound, at Twenty-five Cents each. Fifteen Volumes are now ready, bound in Cloth, and also in Half Calf.

The Publishers will supply specimen Numbers gratuitously to Agents and Postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the Magazine. They will also supply Clubs, of two persons at Five Dollars a year, five persons at Ten Dollars, or eleven persons at Twenty Dollars. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at Two Dollars a year. Numbers from the commencement can now be supplied. Also, the bound Volumes.

The Magazine weighs over seven and not over eight ounces. The Postage upon each Number, which must be paid quarterly in advance at the Office where the Magazine is received, is THREE CENTS.

Each Number of the Magazine will contain 144 octavo pages, in double columns, each year thus comprising nearly two thousand pages of the choicest Miscellaneous Literature of the day. Every Number will contain numerous Pictorial Illustrations, accurate Plates of the Fashions, a copious Chronicle of Current Events, and impartial Notices of the important Books of the Month. The Volumes commence with the Numbers for JUNE and DECEMBER; but Subscriptions may commence with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE—the safest and best in the world—does not stain the Skin, and is so natural and perfect, that it can not be detected by the closest observer. Sold every where.
CRISTADORO & CO., 6 Astor House, N. Y.

TO REMOVE ERUPTIONS, FRECKLES, &c.
Make a few applications of "FONTAINE'S CREAM OF WILD FLOWERS." All imperfections will soon disappear, and the skin will be left white, soft, delicate, and fair.
F. G. FONTAINE & CO., 305 Broadway and 6 Astor House, N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists.

JULES ROBIN & CO'S COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated and favorite Cognac Brandy is constantly being received, and is for sale in assorted packages by the agents at the lowest market prices.
WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, Sole Agents,
47 Water Street, N. Y.

SEWING-MACHINES.—All persons who want a Sewing-Machine of universal utility—one that will sew the lightest fabrics and the heaviest fabrics better than any other—the best machine for family use, manufacturing, plantation use, or any use whatever—a machine that don't get out of order, and with which an industrious woman can readily earn $1000 a year—can obtain it nowhere except at the office of
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, N. Y.

BACON *says, "A few words go to prove a fact."* It is so, for Bogle's Hyperion Fluid for the Hair, his Prize Medal Electric Hair Dye, and his Balm of Cytheria for beautifying the Complexion, are, in truth, unsurpassed in their virtues. Sold by WM. BOGLE, Boston, and Druggists every where.

ALLSOPPS' EAST INDIA PALE ALE.
MESSRS. ALLSOPP & SONS can not refrain from reminding the Public that it is entirely owing to the exertions of their House that "Burton" possesses its present important trade in "Pale Ale." Messrs. Allsopp & Sons first introduced this Article to the Indian Market 30 years ago, since which period its great popularity has remained unshaken; and, until they commenced shipping their Ale to the United States—3 years since—English Draught Ale was unknown in America. These circumstances induce Messrs. Allsopp & Sons to feel confident the American Public will support them in their endeavors to make their Bitter Ale a general drink in this country; and its anti-bilious and tonic properties, its refreshing and agreeable flavor, make it a beverage especially adapted for the States during the Hot Season. The principal medical men in America and England recommend its use to invalids as a most efficient tonic. In consequence of the reported adulteration of some descriptions of Bitter Ale, Messrs. Allsopp & Sons have received numerous incidental Testimonials to the excellence, purity, and salutary effects of their Ale. By the following extracts, among a number from the most eminent medical men, the Profession throughout the country will have the satisfaction of finding their just appreciation of the remedial advantages of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE amply confirmed by the concurring testimony of the most able Physicians and Surgeons, as well as the most illustrious Chemists of the time:

From BARON LIEBIG.—"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, *and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.* *Giessen*, May 6."

From PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S., University College, London, and PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Ph.D., F.R.S., College of Chemistry, London.—"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPPS' manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The Process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; *it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care*, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed. *London*, April 26."

From the ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER *of the* "LANCET," MAY 15, 1852.—"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigor of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."

From PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. *I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity.* I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.
"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."

And many others, which can be seen at the office of Mr. ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, New York, our sole Agent for the United States.
Burton on Trent, June, 1857.

NOTICE.—This Ale is to be had on Draught at all the principal Hotels and Restaurants, and in Bottles (in cases containing two and six dozen pints) at all Wine-Merchants and Grocers throughout the Union. The undersigned would call the attention of the Trade to the fact, that a large Stock being always kept on hand, in Bond, the supply throughout the year can be guaranteed.
ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, N. Y.,
Sole Agent for the United States.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES.—Patented Feb. 19, 1856. Salesrooms, No. 786 and 788 Broadway. Manufactory, No. 53 Ann Street, New York.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This famous remedy will speedily purify the blood and other fluids of the body from all unhealthy secretions, and promote a vigorous circulation, so necessary to health.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, New York, Successors to A. SEIGNETTE & Co., offer for Sale, from United States Bonded Warehouse, JULES ROBIN & CO.'S, MARETT & CO.'S, E. GEANTY and HENRY SUTTON'S
COGNAC AND CHAMPAGNE BRANDIES.
ALEXANDRE SEIGNETTE'S, P. L'EVÊQUE and A. DELUCE'S ROCHELLE BRANDIES. Gin, St. Croix, and Jamaica Rum. Also Sherry, Port, Madeira, and Claret Wines. Fruits, Oil, Walnuts, Castile Soap, &c.

[*From the New York Times.*]

A PERFUMED BREATH.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate, their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents.

Beware of Counterfeits.

None genuine unless signed by
FETRIDGE & CO., NEW YORK.
For sale by all Druggists.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
TERMS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear every SATURDAY MORNING, and will be sold at FIVE CENTS a Copy. It will be mailed to Subscribers at the following rates, payment being invariably required in advance:

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00.
One Copy for One Year	2 50.
One Copy for Two Years	4 00.
Five Copies for One Year	9 00.
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00.
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00.

To Postmasters getting up a Club of Twelve or Twenty-five, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit Twenty-six Cents, in addition to the subscription, for the American postage.

Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CLUB PRICES.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.